DISCORDER

hey! it's that magazine from CiTR 101.9 FM

FREE

SEPTEMBER 1991

"...she appeared in a skimpy black skirt brandishing a whip. She toned down her dress later to try to escape the lunatic fringe."

The Province, 1991.

to be continued...

LuNatic FRINGE

HOTTEST TOP 40 DANCE CLUB

COVER

STARTS AUGUST 1991

$ 2.00

THROW A PARTY, FUNDRAISER, OR CORPORATE PARTY, IT'S FREE CALL US.

LA ORIGINAL IDEAS HAPPEN AT

LuNatic FRINGE

IF YOU MISSED THE CHANCE TO ENJOY FREE COVER, CALL US FOR A FREE PASS. DON'T MISS OUT THIS TIME

876 7003

315 BROADWAY at KINGSWAY

OPEN : 8 PM TO 2 AM – TUE. to SAT. SUNDAYS to MIDNIGHT

DISCORDER

AUGUST 1991 - ISSUE #104...

IRREGULARS

WOMEN OF THE FOLK FEST
Lillian Allen, Sensible Footwear, Kathleen Yearwood.....9
DOING DRUGS IN PUBLIC
The How To (or not how to).....10
HELP!!!
Back Alley Fiction.....11
MIND EXPANSION FOR THE WHY BOTHER GENERATION
Truly Heady Stuff.....12
KING MISSILE
Homing Into You.....13
GUMBALL
The Ultimate in Bubblegum Rock.....14
FISHBONE
Hardcore Fillet.....15
GO TO THE BIG APPLE AND TAKE A BITE
The Adventures of Rowena and Ricardo.....17
SANTA CLAUS KILLED THE SHOEMAKER
Helen Becomes One Of The Walking Wounded.....18

REGULARS

AIRHEAD.....5
MINIS.....6
VANCOUVER SPECIAL.....26
FELICITY.....27
SHINDIG.....27
SUBTEXT.....28
REAL LIVE ACTION.....30
UNDER REVIEW.....32
FUTURE RAP.....33
DATEBOOK.....35
ON THE DIAL.....36
CHARTS.....29

COMICS

DUMMYHEDS, FOUND IN SUPPOSEDLY EMPTY EQUIPMENT AT SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.....5
THE TROLLS.....by Gary Wildeman.....38

COVER

The cover was designed by Larry MacDougall.

OFFICE USE ONLY

EDITORS Johanna Block, Chris "the Merry Prankster" Buchanan ART DIRECTOR Deborah Bolingbroke-Price PRODUCTION MANAGER Lydia Schymansky EDITORIAL/PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS Mindy Abramowitz, Deb, Judith Beeman, Leslie Elliott, Helen Godolphin, Mike McClean, Tom Milne. CAPITALIZATION CONSULTANT Bill Baker GRAPHICS Johanna, Deb, Rod McFarland, Larry MacDougall, Janis Warren, Gary Wilderman PROGRAM GUIDE Adam Sloan SPINLIST Robynn Iwata ADVERTISING Anthony Hempell LOCAL DISTRIBUTION Matt Steffich SUBSCRIPTIONS/MAIL DISTRIBUTION Lydia Schymansky DATEBOOK/DELIVERY FRIEND Randy Iwata TECHNICAL SUPPORT Ted 'n' Sue PUBLISHER/ACCOUNTS Linda Scholten SWEAT & GRISTLE us/them...

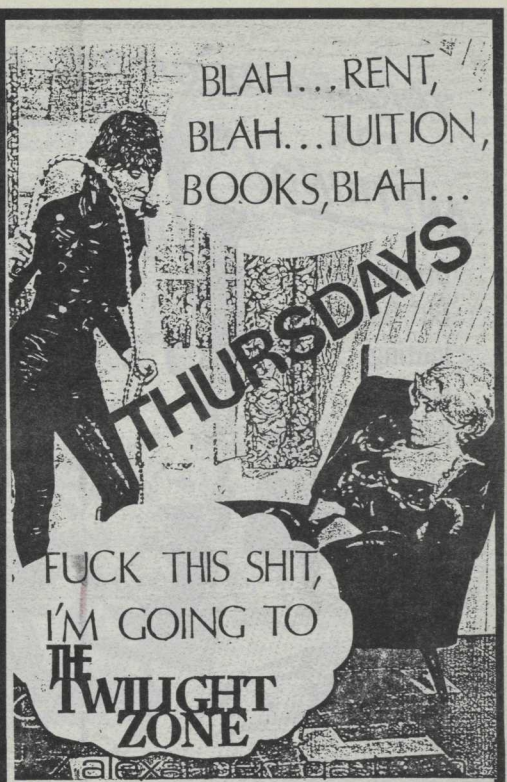
Discorder Copyright © 1991 by The Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia. All rights reserved. Discorder is that magazine from CiTR 101.9 fM, and is printed monthly in Canada on paper manufactured in Canada. Discorder prints what it wants to, including the CiTR On The Dial program guide and the CiTR SpinList playlist charts. Circulation is 17,500 copies distributed free to over 230 locations. 12 month subscriptions are $15 in Canada, $15 (US) to the states, and $24 elsewhere. Please make cheques or money orders payable to Discorder Magazine. *"The Revolution will not be Televised"* – Gil Scott Heron. Deadline for ads and submissions is the 15th of the month. We want your stuff—send it our way, and if we like it, we'll use it; if not, we'll lose it.

CiTR 101.9 fM is 1800 watts of neurotic bliss from UBC to Langley, Squamish, and points beyond. We're also on all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland except Shaw in White Rock. Office hours for CiTR, Mobile Sound, and Discorder are Monday-Friday, 10-4. Call CiTR DJ line @ 822-CiTR, our offices @ 822-3017, our news + sports @ 222-2487, fax us c/o CiTR @ 822-6093, or write Discorder, #233-6138 SUB Boulevard, Vancouver, BC, CANADA V6T 1Z1

PRINTED IN CANADA

COWSHEAD CHRONICLES
by GTH

MY FATHER AND I USED TO MAKE CHOCOLATE SAUCE FROM SCRATCH USING COCOA, MILK, OTHER STRANGE INGREDIENTS AND A STOVE HOTTER THAN THE BUBS OF HELL. IT SEEMS NOW THAT WE REPEATED THIS SUNDAY NIGHT TRADITION OFTEN, BUT I'M AFRAID THAT IF ASKED NOW TO REPLICATE THIS SEEMINGLY SIMPLE RECIPE I'D HAVE TO PHONE THE BIG GUY FOR SOME STEP BY STEP INSTRUCTIONS. I HAVE, HOWEVER, NO WISDOM REGARDING A YOUNG MAN'S RITES OF PASSAGE AND THE MAKING OF CHOCOLATE SAUCE BUT SOMETHING IS TIRELY DIFFERENT THAT I SUPPOSE DOES FIGURE IN MY FATHER AND OTHERS THAT I SHALL FOR THE TIME BEING WILL REMAIN NAMELESS BUT I'M SURE THEY'LL KNOW WHO THEY ARE. WATCH FOR CLUES AND DON'T FUCK IT UP. I HAVE NOTICED LATELY THAT I KNOW A LOT OF PEOPLE THAT ARE FOR LACK OF A BETTER PHRASE LESS THAN PERFECT. I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT WOMEN WITH MOUSTACHES, FAT GUYS OR PEOPLE WITH LARGE TEXTURED FEETS. I'M TALKING ABOUT STRANGE AFTER MARKET ALTERATION, NON-FACTORY OPTIONS. A WOMAN WHO COMES TO MY PLACE OF WORK OFTEN MAKING DELIVERIES OF VARIOUS SORTS HAS A SCAR THAT RUNS ALONG ONE SIDE OF HER FACE THAT IS NOT LARGE BUT ENOUGH THAT IT IS VERY NOTICEABLE. IN A STRANGE TWISTED SORT OF WAY I FIND IT VERY ATTRACTIVE AND FIND MYSELF LOOKING FORWARD TO HER NEXT VISIT. SHE ALSO SMELLS GREAT. ANOTHER WOMAN I KNOW HAS A SCAR THAT SPANS ONE ENTIRE SIDE OF HER FACE FROM THE TOP OF HER CHEEKBONE NEAR HER EAR TO THE CORNER OF HER MOUTH. YET SOMEHOW ON HER IT'S ALMOST LIKE A BEAUTY MARK. ONE I'M SURE SHE WOULD RATHER NOT HAVE BUT I HOWEVER COULD NOT IMAGINE HER ANY OTHER WAY. I DON'T HAVE ONE FRIEND WHO IN SOME WAY ISN'T A LITTLE BIT GIMPED. I CAN HEAR THE PHONE. CAN YOU HANG ON A SEC. REALLY. I KNOW A GUY WITH ONE EYE, GUYS WHO ARE MISSING A FEW FINGERS OR BETTER OR WORSE YET ENTIRE HANDS, SCARS ON LIPS, LEGS, ARMS. HELL I KNOW A GUY WHOSE TOES ARE WEBBED. NO SHIT, AND WHILE WE'RE AT IT LET'S TALK TATTOOS. I KNOW A FEW OF THOSE TOO. PIERCED EARS, NOSES, NIPPLES. HEY I HAD A WOMAN AT BUDSTOCK ALLOW ME TO TOUCH HER BELLY BUTTON RING. PRETTY COOL, SO WHAT'S ANY OF THIS HAVE TO DO WITH MY FATHER? WELL, MY FATHER ONLY HAS THREE FINGERS ON HIS RIGHT HAND WHICH MAKES FOR A STRANGE HANDSHAKE. HE ALSO SEWED MY INDEX FINGER BACK TOGETHER AFTER A CAT, DOCTOR HAD TRIED UNSUCCESSFULLY TWICE BEFORE HIM TO DO SO. YEP, SEVERED THAT BABY MCMOOT COMPLETELY OFF AT THE FIRST KNUCKLE WHEN A BUDDY OF MINE AT THE TIME SLAMMED IT IN THE DOOR OF A TRUCK WE WERE PLAYING IN. SORTA LOTS OF BLOOD. I'VE ALSO GOT A GOOD SCAR ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF MY NOSE THAT I'M PRETTY PROUD OF THAT I OBTAINED WHEN I RE-ARENDED A FORD LTD IN MY MOTHER'S TOYOTA. SO WHAT DOES THIS ALL MEAN. NOTHING, EXCEPT THAT YOU SHOULD TRY AND USE THAT GIMP YOU'VE GOT TO YOUR ADVANTAGE. HELL LOOK AT DON BULL HE'S RIDDLED WITH 'EM AND HE'S OKAY. NO MATTER WHAT ANYBODY SAYS.



STUDENTS IN FOR FREE WITH I.D.

5 "LIVE BANDS!"
SUN.-TUES ONLY!
CALL 874-BAND

WEDNESDAY
ALTERNATIVE MIX
HIGHBALLS $1.25

THURSDAY
FEAR+LOATHING ALTERNATIVE
BZZR BASH $1.25

FRIDAY
BATTLE OF THE DJS
DOUBLE LONG ISLAND NIGHT
LADIES IN FOR FREE BEFORE 10PM

SATURDAY
CAGED GO GO DANCERS
SHOOTER SHOCK EVERY HOUR

#7 ALEXANDER STREET
GASTOWN 682-8550

TRIGGER-TOUGH AND READY FOR ANYTHING!

KOMET Records Presents a

MAMMOTH MUSIC FESTIVAL

Crime-crazy Girl Gangs... looting... lying... living only for thrills!

Record Release Party

New Vinyl by THE OUTRAGEOUS VALENTINOS

TRASH PALACE on KOMET Records

A KOMET INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

Starring Ex Big Members of New York's Original SISSY BOYS ...

THE OUTRAGEOUS

VALENTINOS

also starring the Legendary BRAINEATERS and KISS KISS & BANG

opened by the TOUCH and GOs

FRIDAY SEPT. 27 at the TOWN PUMP

CREATIVE WARNING NO.1

-Hey Ginger you suck! You're a non-moviestar!
-Gilligan you jerk! What would you know about real talent anyway?
-Well, well, well, I know that Mary-Anne can sure bite the big one better than you could you old fish...
-Mary...that SLUT!
-Oh yeah? Well she's real talented AND Mr. Howell thinks so too and when we get rescued he's going to make her a big star in his new super-duper 'High Road to Castaway Island' production!
-Aaagh! We'll just see about that you little shit! I'm going to write a letter to Discorder and drag all your names through the mud 'cause I'm the moviestar here not you two-bit twerps.
-Go ahead Ginger let 'em print it. What do they care? All it'll do is show everybody what a vendictive, small-minded, greedy person you are...
-I don't care!
-Oh yeah? Professor says that 93% of mail that media publications such as Discorder get is stuff that people want printed so they can slag their enemies. Pretty soon no one will take Airhead or you, (same thing!) seriously!
-Well, there is my reputation...
-If you're gonna write Discorder a letter, make it constructive so we can get off this fuckin' island!

A READER GETS TART AND TINGLY

Dear One-Tenth of Kreviss: Re: Your letter, August Discorder.

I don't understand why you think that Bruno's review of your band in the July Discorder was so *inept*. If you did not want your band's "musical performance" to be rated by your three-tenths (does it count as four-tenths if one of you sleeps two members of stupid conductor?) sexual activities why name the band Kreviss? Or was the name "just a joke" that Bruno was too dimwitted to understand? Perhaps the joke is on you, my dear. If Kreviss learn how to change chords without staring blankly at their fingers most of the time maybe their sexual activities will not be as interesting as their musical proficiency. But as Kreviss has displayed little of the latter I guess they are doomed to those nasty spiteful reviews.

Also, who cares if you know who Bruno is? If you are so upset why not save a tree and whine, or screech, at him in person? I know you won't really shove a vibrator up his ass because you don't dig butt porn that's Octatraktor's scene. Or maybe you should just spend more time practising and we will all forget about those sexual nintendos.

Love and Kisses,
Relic

KNIT ONE PEARL TWO...WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Dear Ed(s):
Re: July article on G.L.M.
Not to knit pick — BUT — There is no 'Doug' in God's Little Monkeys. Nor has there ever been a 'Doug' in the band. First crack at the whip and you've already fucked up. Shame on you and shame on Mr. De La Cueva!
Good luck on future issues.
Sincerely cynical from
Elspeth Haughton

Actually, Elspeth, as you may remember, the bandmembers stated that the next step for them would be to adopt different personal names. Thus, we'd like to think we merely helped them, and in particular — "Doug," along in their endeavours.

DOUBLE GLAZING IS NICE BUT IN BRAZIL THEY HAVE SPACE

Rio de Janeiro 26-06-91
Dear friend of DISCORDER:
I want know your FANZINE, how I do for it?... This is my international Fanzine: "HALLUCINATION". Send your opinion, colaburation...etc...ANSWER PLEASE!...THANK YOU!

Alberto
My adress is:
CX.Postal 95042
STA.Cruz Da Serra,
Duque De Caxias, CEP25241
RJ - Brasil

IRONIC BUTTERFLY

Dear Discorder

It seems to have become rather common for people talking about or reviewing hardcore bands to describe them as generic. Now to suggest that every group of people who decide to play hardcore are going to be completely original is ludicrous and therefore some generic bands would be expected.

However, a large number of the people who most loudly disclaim hardcore seem to be former fans who have now latched on to some other style of music. These people will trumpet any band which plays this new and improved flavour of music while slagging off all new hardcore bands as generic, not like in the good old days when they listened to hardcore. The ironic thing is that these poele make up the large masses of unimaginative trend followers who made hardcore generic in the first place. Now these leeches wull suck the life out of their latest obsession burying the people with interesting ideas in a shallow grave of fashion and pretense. As far as hardcore goes I can only say good riddance but as someone who appreciates a lot of other different musical styles, it seems too bad that these people couldn't be slightly more openminded instead of opting for the flavour of the month. Oh well, people are pathetic why should I care.

It is not good enough to describe a band as generic hardcore without comparing them to at least one other band otherwisde how generic can they be? Someone who can be no more specific than "generic hardcore" when describing a band is obviously too ignorant to know if they are are or not should shut the fuck up. If you are one of these people who need to point out that hardcore has a tendency to be generic (unlike any other form of music of course) as if it were some sort of revelation, don' bother because nobody's interested.

Kevin Connor

P.S. To those to who it applies I would like to extend my personal thanks to you for deciding to suck your identity from some other scene because hardcore can only get better without you.

PAINTING THE ROSES VIOLET

To Whom It May Concern,

I would like to express my disapproval of the slagging comment on page 26 of your magazine [*Ed.—of the August issue*]. Unfortunately, I was considering advertising with you but seeing you feel the way you do about my ads, you've just lost a lot of money.

In one paragraph one of your employees severely cut down my store, my ads, and my staff ("KK and the Sunshine Bang"?).

My ads do a fuck of a lot more for the local music scene by featuring it in a positive light as opposed to your miserable, pessimistic reviewers.

Been nice.
Tracey
Violet Addiction

The comments by our employee (read volunteer columinist), "go back to Glamland where you came from and, for fucks sake, take Violet Addiction with you (nice ad guys)...I missed K.K. and the Sunshine Bang for obvious reasons," are opiniated, as they are suppose to be. We feel Discorder is supportive of the local music scene, which does not mean being uncritical. Therefore, we let the opinions and thoughts of our writers remain untouched by our hands, the hands of the artists, and our advertisers. Fortunately, Discorder is in a position where its advertisers, or supposedly potential advertisers, are not in a position to dictate the content of Discorder, unlike many other publications.

DEAD BLACK

Dear Discorder:

REVOLUTION BEGINS IN YOUR HEART, IN YOUR REFUSAL TO COMPROMISE YOUR OWN BELIEFS.

Once again a reader has written to Airhead and made statements to the effect that the Gothic/death/industrial music scene is dead and there is a sudden upsurging of beings going about clad in black pretending, that it's 1983 all over again...

The "Black" scene is just a small micro-organism of what makes up the Alternative scene,(a subculture within a larger subculture). Gladly, they share the ranks with skaters, thrashers, punks, ska, reggae, the new hippy movement, skinheads, any sort of post-punk society that emerged during the eighties (and that "conventional society" disapproved of). In the seventies the Sex Pistols/Clash/David Bowie etc. made bold socially consciencious and outrageous statements through music, fashion, art, etc.

A few issues back in the Discorder survey, the question was asked, "What punk is? A lifestyle, a musical style, or a fashion statement". One answer...it's a musical style that created a lifestyle and a fashion statement. To read a letter from someone who said they were a part of the "Scene" in its formative years and believed it had absolutely no meaning other than to see who had the coolest shoes is very offensive and I have a strong feeling he or she is a poser or a trendoid who is shaking his or her bootie to the pseudo-disco of the moment waiting for the next happening thing to come along.

Is the "Scene" gone just because Bauhaus is? While Bauhaus might not exist in that particular entity, it's former members have done numerous recordings in spin-off groups etc. The artists have evolved past 1987, so why can't the people they influence. I certainly am not living for the early years but when I put on any of my albums from that era I still hear the emotions that are caught up in it. To say "Goths" have no purpose is untrue. Gothic/industrial/death rock is still consciously shocking, still confronting people to examine themselves and their purpose in life.

Let me ask you this: what is the purpose of one who frequents The Roxy, or Richard on Richards? I'd like to know the answer to that question.

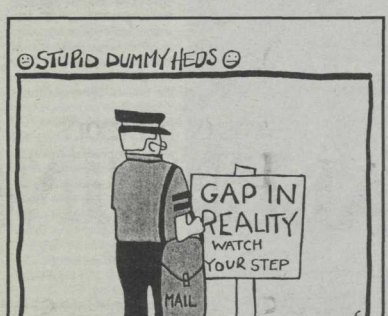
It is unfortunate that there are so many misconceptions about what the alternative scene is, but this is caused by narrow-mindedness and people unwilling to expand their safe and secure worlds. Or, of course, there's always the trendies who have no sense of commitment and flit from one thing to another for the sake of looking cool,(as compared to being cool).

The so-called "Goth" resurgence (Oh my God, they're back) is really a non-event. They were always there. Perhaps just waiting for someone to realize it, start playing the music again and make it once more a visible part of the "Scene." Even if it is 1991, the sentiments and emotions of the past don't disappear. They only evolve and move forward and that's why almost ten years later I still wear black, still listen to music that's considered to be on the cutting edge and still believe in something that is very difficult to define.

Society does not accept that which is different from itself, and therefor, that which is different must struggle for acceptance for what it is without compromising for the sake of others.

Zanna Severin

For reasons of brevity we haved edited Zanna Severin's letter. Normally all Airhead letters are printed as received.



HENRY KAISER BY PETE LUTWYCHE

Henry Kaiser, guitarist extraordinaire, veteran of over 75 albums (How about that, Billy Childish?), was at the folk festival with his new east-meets-west acoustic group. Discorder spoke to him there.

Discorder: How did you come to put this band together?

Henry: We're just doing this 'cos we enjoy playing together. People keep calling us and asking us to play, we don't pursue—if people call us, we'll come play.

Discorder: You're very busy. Do you get much time to practice guitar?

Henry: No, I never practice. I never play unless I'm on stage or recording.

Discorder: That's not going to make people who admire your playing feel any better.

Henry: Well, the guitar is a very easy instrument. I think it's all attitude. I worry about music education in North America. I think the reason that I can do some things on the guitar that may impress some segment of the audience is really to do with attitude more than any kind of practicing. I think music education is designed really backwards, to keep people from expressing themselves. I think accidentally coming to music inspired by the great British and European free improvisers, coming from that philosophical point of view I started off thinking everybody should be really creative and expressive. Classical music education is just crippling a person's creativity. It's just horrible.

Discorder: I guess with classical training, you're not taught to make music, but be a technician, translating other people's ideas as perfectly as possible.

Henry: And you're taught to do it in a way that destroys your mind. It's all designed to support the exploitative system of composer and performer, which is a false distinction that's developed in classical music—something that doesn't really exist in true folk traditions. Classical music represents less than 1% of the music on the planet, and to teach this way is just stupid, it results in very little music being made.

Discorder: When did you develop your eclectic music tastes?

Henry: In high school, 'cos I listened to non-commercial radio stations, listener-supported radio. Free-form radio we had in the '60's in California, who would play Ali Akbar Khan right next to Cecil Taylor right next to Bob Wills right next to The Rolling Stones right next to a Bartok String Quartet, and say "Here's a bunch of music". That's where my aesthetic probably came from.

Discorder: What about the popular music culture in America right now?

Henry: Well popular music culture right now doesn't really have anything to do with music, it's just marketing, product commerciality and advertising. Music is gone from mainstream culture now.

Discorder: Can anything be done about this?

Henry: Probably not. Things change over time, slowly, over generations.

Discorder: But a festival like this must give you hope.

Henry: This is a great festival 'cos of the range of artists from different cultures and different musical traditions. The organizers have really gone out and found people. I'm so excited to see Jean Emilien from Madagascar here, a giant hero of mine who has never been to North America. But festivals like this don't happen in the States.

MECCA NORMAL INTERVIEW BY JANE TILLEY

Described as anarcho-punks and performance artists, **Mecca Normal**'s Jean Smith and David Lester have gone from a garage on the East side, to tours with other anti-authoritarians and femininists— poets and musicians— and have released a bunch of records, the latest being *Water cuts my hands*.

The duo combine Jean's naked, cutting vocals and David's distorted, crashing guitar sounds in a minimalist form of music that kinda gets under your skin.

Discorder: How have you changed musically since the beginnings?

Jean: Well, we're still a duo: me doing the vocals and Dave on guitar. I think we've just become really determined to stick at that format. I think more people are hearing us and accepting that we are going to keep doing this.

Discorder: It's quite an unusual combination. You don't have plans to expand— get a rhythm section or something?

Jean: No. It is unusual and that seems to work well for us to present something a little bit different. I play a bit of guitar now, so that fills things out a bit.

Discorder: How do audiences react to you?

Jean: Some people really like us either because they feel some kind of empathy for the ideas behind the songs or for the fact that we are just a man and a woman alone on stage, not as boyfriend and girlfriend, but working together, I feel that alone is a political statement. And then there are the people who like that goddamn sound.

Discorder: You have a very unusual vocal style and sound: do you treat your voice in any way? It comes out as very raw.

Jean: It just comes out that way. There's not usually any reverb, I like it pretty dry.

Discorder: Do you have an ideal place to play?

Jean: I like playing greasy nightclubs, myself. We've done a lot of galleries, community based cooperative spaces, poetry readings, those types of things. I still prefer going on in the middle of a bill that's got a bunch of loud bands on either side. I like that kind of music— the real hard rock aggressive stuff. I also feel that that's why we do this, to present something as a contrast, as a potential to something different. That's still very rigid that you go out to a club and it's mainly a lot of loud guys with guitars and drums.

Discorder: You stress the importance of individuality in your music. Do you find it hard to preserve that individuality within the record industry?

Jean: If somebody is willing to put our records out, there's something about us intrinsically that they appreciate, so we're not really in the same battle ground a some bands who are trying to surface above a lot of similar sounds. We also put out a lot of records ourselves and through friends and smaller lables who appreciate the ideas. So it is very much a personally based thing, we're involved in the whole process.

Discorder: Obviously you're highly politicized, you talk about a lot of issues, particularly things that affect women: do you feel that you can actually "offer a solution"?

Jean: Well, in my life, doing this has empowered me. I'm always amazed that to say cunt for instance is completely outrageous and really offends people. Like come on! I don't say anything outrageous. I'm a woman, I'm loud, I'm aggressive and I'm saying things that have happened to me: how men have affected me and how I feel that there's an imbalance of power. Sometimes it's angry, sometimes it's analytical. Sometimes people see it as being very brash and that to me is an indicator that we still have a long way to go. The "solution" would be less power in the hands of governments and white males and more women speaking out, more people speaking out in that way.

Discorder: In one of your earlier songs "I walk alone", you talk about having the right to go out alone. Are you involved with the "take back the night" thing, or is this a personal statement?

Jean: Well, there was a song by Go Four 3, where the woman was saying "Don't walk alone". I thought "come on", I walk alone, it's my right, so it's sort of my response to that and also that sentiment that a very basic thing has changed. My mum is really appalled at that transition just within her lifetime, that you can't just go out and walk around and feel safe. Everything is closely watched— who's up ahead of you, who's behind you, what route should you take. Hopefully it expresses that sentiment and reinforces that point that it is my right to walk alone.

Discorder: Do you have any particular influences as a vocalist or as a lyricist?

Jean: As far as writing goes, I like to read things that are very evocative of emotions not so much of a story or a literal image, but more of a overall feel. Things are going more in that direction rather than a very dogmatic "this is how it is or this is how it should be". As far as the singing style, I guess when I started singing, I was listening to people like Poly Styrene, Leslie Woods of the Au pairs and the Raincoats and that was where I felt most comfortable to start with those ideas.

Discorder: Tell me about "Bright like Ice".

Jean: That's a group that Dave and I are in. Dave plays bass, I sing and play guitar and a couple of friends—Cyndi, who's a film producer and Argon Steele who's a lobbyist for the Autobahn Society in Olympia. We all got together and recorded this thing on a four-track, just in one day—Cyndi playing drums, Argon playing guitar and we thought it would be fun to put out. I think it's got a lot of spirit to it— four friends messing around.

Discorder: Any plans to do any more?

Jean: Yeah, it's just hard to get us all together at the same time and place and nobody's got the right equipment—Cyndi doesn't have drums, and Dave doesn't have a bass. We'll do it again; we play with other people now and again so maybe there will be other projects that happen.

Discorder: So where do you see yourselves heading?

Jean: I'm happy to do more tours. We've got another tour in October back east to promote "Water cuts my hands", then we go over to Europe, probably in the spring to do some shows over there. It's all going really well: a lot more has happened than I ever imagined when we started doing this.

LUNACHICKS BY GREG GARLICK

The Lunachicks are five females that hail from New York's Lower East side who got together to play a wild brand of Rawk'n'Roll. One evening a few years back the Lunachicks were spotted performing at a club by the grunge lords Kim Gordon and Thurston Moore from Sonic Youth. With their help, the Lunachicks were off and running with a deal on Blast First also Sonic Youth's label at the time.

Their first release was a gatefold sleeve double 7", "Sugar Luv" which was named the Single of the Week by England's prestigious New Musical Express. The release also coincided with their first apperance in the U.K. which won them rave reviews in the British Music Press. Also off of the Blast First label the Lunachicks have their first full length LP, Babysitters on Acid.

Since then, the Lunachicks have parted company with Blast First and are now labelless, but they are still touring stateside with the Dictators and Spin Out. Cindy took time, on her birthday, to speak with our own Greg Garlick.

Discorder: Hi, how are you doing?

Cindy: Fine, I'm having a great time here in San Francisco.

Discorder: Let's get right down to it. Could please tell our readers who the Lunachicks are?

Cindy: I'm Cindy, I play guitar, there's Gina, she plays guitar too, Becky, the drummer, Squid, who plays bass, and Theo, the vocalist.

Discorder: And the line up has been together for how long?

Cindy: Three years. We were messing around for about a year before we found a drummer but that was kinda like learning messing around and writing a couple of songs and just getting used to having a guitar on.

Discorder: Tell us about Thurston Moore and Kim Gordon discovering you?

Cindy: Well we were playing at a club, actually it was our third show, and we were not so good but there was something there. We weren't even good technically but they saw the potential, they got a hold of a real early tape and brought it to Blast First which was then their label. They had a lot to do with our initial success.

Discorder: So that's how the first two singles came together and your LP Babysitters on Acid.

Cindy: Right, and y'know for our first thing they went into the studio with us to produce it but it didn't happen.

Discorder: Was the first single released domestically or over in Europe?

Cindy: Everything was released in England, nothing was released domestically.

Discorder: You're no longer on Blast First though, what happened? Was it because you were on tour and they didn't help out with support?

Cindy: It's because they didn't really help us out with anything ever, basically. No royalties, no nothing.

Discorder: So its just been the money you've been making on the tour and stuff?

Cindy: Exactly, every time we go on tour it has to pay for itself.

Discorder: Have you been approached by many labels, such as SUB POP?

Cindy: No, SUB POP haven't approached us yet. At this point were considering anything. We have two more albums worth of material that are really good that are just sitting there waiting to be recorded. So far we're not happy with the sound and production of any of the records we've already made because we weren't given enough money to really finish them. So we want to get this good material out and sounding good so we can have a record we are really proud of and for people to buy.

Discorder: Maybe Kim and Thurston could help you again?

Cindy: No, I don't think they're gonna do anything else for us. We run into them in the street every now and then but that's about it.

Discorder: How's the tour going with the Dictators?

Cindy: It's great, we're havin' a great time, the shows are going really well. I love the Dictators, I love getting to see them every night. All the originals except for Richie Teeter are playing, Frank from the Del-Lords is drumming for them.

Discorder: What girl-bands do you like? The Cycle Sluts?

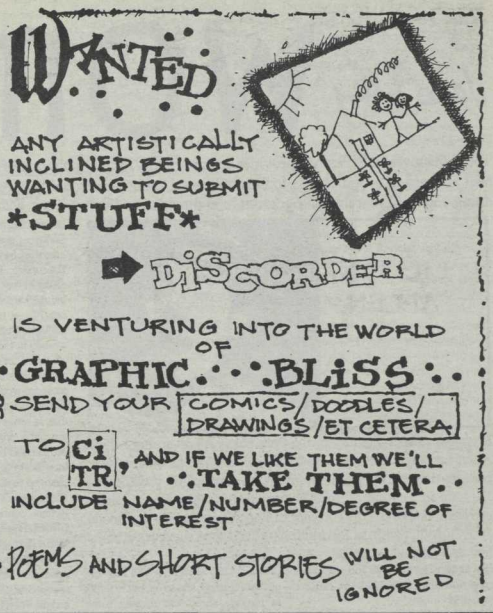
Cindy: I think L7 are great and I didn't hear much of Dickless but the little bit I heard, I liked. The Cycle Sluts is a completely different story. I mean we have absolutely nothing to do with each other. Y'know people bring them up when they talk to us as though they are an all girl band which y'know they're not— they're four girl singers in an all male rock band. They're metal, and we're not, and they know more of the right people than we do.

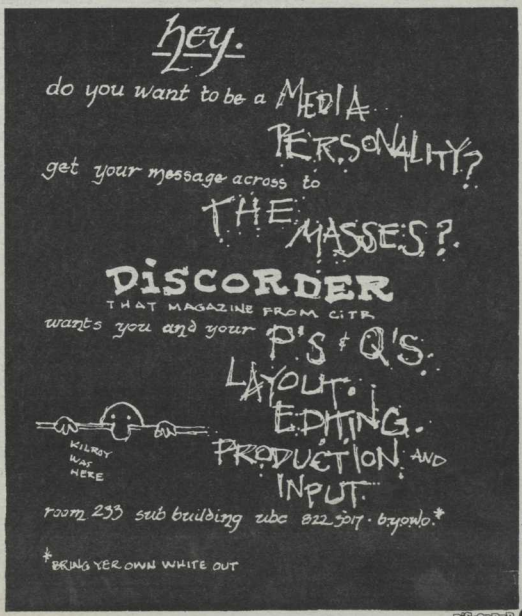
Discorder: Were you influenced by a band like Girlschool?

Cindy: Oh yeah, we're Girlschool fans, I don't know about influenced. We were probably more influenced by the Runaways than Girlschool. The Runaways were great.

Discorder: Was that limited edition Cookie Monster single, with a fold out poster, something you really wanted to do?

Cindy: No, all that, the poster and the booklet, was the idea of the record label. We would've much rather taken that nice chunk of money that was spent on a pretty package and put it into making a good sounding record. To be perfectly honest, we think there were far too many pictures of us on the record. We don't really wanna look at ourselves that much.





by Jane Folley

women in

The Vancouver Folk Festival provides an opportunity for the gathering of a wide range of musicians from all over the world, from the well-known to the damn near unheard of— and, thanks to the organisers' "policy" of equality of representation, this year there was a large number of women artists at the Festval, all doing very different things. I got to talk to three fairly diverse acts....

LILLIAN ALLEN

My most surreal memory of the Folk Festival was seeing Lillian Allen on stage hosting a workshop, in a huge green raincape, beneath the pouring icy rain, giving an ass-kicking rendition of "Riddim an' Hardtimes" to an enthusiatic but soggy crowd. Jamaican born, now living in Toronto, Lillian Allen is a poet and social critic: together with the Revolutionary Tea Party, she puts out some fine dub reggae.

Discorder: How do you feel about the race riots that took place in Halifax recently?

Lillian Allen: Well it's not a recent thing, I think this has been going on and on. People have always demanded a certain amount of change, serious structural change. Basically very little has happened. The position of Black folks in Halifax is one of the worst you can imagine, in terms of the economic and the power situation and in terms of the opportunities that are open to Black people. But the community remains vital and vibrant and full of life, so it's not unusual that you should have some kind of response. People get so bottled in and so frustrated because of both the inaction of the Federal Government to even acknowledge that racism exists in inner cities and is strong in Canada and because of the other hokey little governments that basically buffer up their buroeaucracy and their own pockets. It was just a matter of time before something was going to spill out on to the streets. What's interesting about Halifax is that the police took the young Black people into custody for their own protection, instead of locking up the thugs who I'm sure initiated it and who will continue to beat up Black folks just for a game.

Discorder: Do you think the government will actually take some action now that this has come to a head?

Lillian: Basically, governments in this country don't do anything until something happens to some building or some property: that's the only time you see some action. That has been the history of the States and wherever people are oppressed. They think they can talk and put people down and so on, but in terms of moving ahead and making some meaningful change, the government isn't interested. They want to keep things the way they are— to have a strong labour pool and a group of people they can treat less than human and make a lot of money off of.

Discorder: Have you met with much racist opposition within the music industry?

Lillian: The music industry is built on racism—and sexism too. Black music is like the basis of the commercial music industry. Yet in terms of any real power or money, Black musicians are excluded—particularly in Canada. We see that in the way that music is played: we know in the history of rock and roll that when White folks started playing it they were covering the hard-earned created tunes of Black folks. That tradition carries on into what we call appropriation these days, where you have White musicians playing "World Beat" or "World" music and not having a clue about the culture from which this music comes. If you look at those videos on TV they uphold the American Dream: right, bright, downright white, with the idea that there are all kinds of material things attainable if you're sexy.

Discorder: You've done some work in video yourself.

Lillian: I've made one small tape. A five minute tape, with the National Film Board, based on one of my poems called "Unnatural Causes."

Discorder: Did it get much airplay?

Lillian: It got a little bit. Basically it challenges the status quo, it aims to expose the underlife of society and the reality of people's lives and aims to locate the power and the plenty.

Discorder: Do you think things have changed for you as a woman in the music industry now that you're more prominent?

Lillian: Well, in terms of the voice of women in general, there's an incredible amount of exclusion. It's incredible that out of all the hundreds of albums that are recorded you can't turn on your radio and hear it played: there is no reason for that. In terms of structural barriers, what the radio stations will play, what the people who fund videos will fund, what they will put on a stage... nothing has changed really.

Discorder: You read a poem by Louise Bennet, could you tell me about her?

Lillian: Louise Bennet is what I consider one of the most significant figures of the 20th century. She went ahead and burst open a few doors and made a whole new space. She basically gave the Jamaican and the West Indian populations permission to be themselves and to express themselves in their cultural form. She wrote in the language of the Jamaican people even though she was formally trained in England and had some big degrees behind her name. She travelled around Jamaica and read her poetry—she's a household name in Jamaica. Yet she had very little recognition: when they do anthologies of Jamaican writing or British writing she doesn't get mentioned, or if she does, it's like a little aside. If you didn't have someone like Louise Bennet you wouldn't have had someone like Bob Marley, or someone like me, not in this century...she made it possible for people like me to emerge.

Discorder: You've had poetry published yourself.

Lillian: Yeah, my first book, *Riddim an' Hard Times*, came out in 1982. And out now, I have some poetry for young people and the young of heart. One of the things I'm learning, now I [that] have a daughter, is that young people are full human beings. We have to make our work and so on accessible to them, so that they have an understanding of social reality, so that they can learn from an early age and take some kind of responsibility and in fact, realise that they have an obligation to work towards some kind of positive change.

Discorder: How was the children's concert that you did here at the festval?

Lillian: Well, there were as many adults in the audience as children... but it went really well, I had fun, and I think a good time was had by all!

SENSIBLE FOOTWEAR

Sensible Footwear are three women who, for the past decade, have been trying to "redress the balance" between the sexes— or, at least, point out some of the inconsistencies in the ways men and women are "supposed" to behave. Through songs, skits and their own particularly blunt humour, Alex Dallas, Alison Field and Wendy Vousden mercilessly take the piss out of our "little foibles." Check them out at the Vancouver Fringe Festival in September—and be prepared for a few spunhome truths.

Discorder: So how did Sensible Footwear begin?

Alison: We aren't theatrically or musically trained, we taught ourselves to do it by doing it. We got together because we all answered ads in *Time Out* magazine in London—someone was trying to put an act together for a girl's festival—so it started as a hobby, a community project that grew.

Discorder: Do you get much feedback from your audiences?

Alison: No two audiences respond in the same way: here, for instance, the first audience were very politicised and enthusiastic and the second lot were a bit more gob-smacked by it.

Discorder: Have you ever had to play a working men's club or other all male audience?

Wendy: Yes, we've done our share of that. We've played Miners' Welfare, a male prison, boys' schools...

Alex: Actually what's worse is playing to an all-female audience because all of those women want you to say precisely what they want to hear, so that can be much more frightening in a way.

Alison: There's more of a disappointment factor—if you have an all-male audience, chances are they're expecting not to like it and then they might find it's actually accessible and entertaining.

Discorder: Your humour is fairly well below the belt at times, how did that come about? Did you decide that it was the most direct way to get to people?

Wendy: I think it's important when you're looking at the kind of issues and ideas that we look at to entertain people while you do it or people will just switch off—they'll just say "Oh God, it's just those women moaning on" which is exactly what they want to think. I think if you sort of shock them into acknowledging that these other ideas exist, you stand a chance of making an impression—we know we're not going to change people's views in half an hour, but we're presenting a view-point that isn't often aired. We want to try and even things out a bit and entertain people at the same time...I think that making people laugh is one of the best ways of getting through.

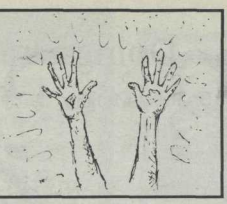
Discorder: What in particular do you want to see changed within society and do you think you can change it?

Alison: We want the ideas to be aired—often people are unfamiliar with them. We enjoy being filthy, because women often aren't expected or encouraged or allowed to talk in that way about sex or about bodily functions and people do find it shocking still. We don't want any of this coyness or prissiness. And we'd hate to be bland!

Discorder: You've sort of reversed the traditional roles of male comics dumping on women, was that a deliberate strategy?

Alex: When we started we were much more insecure about performance, we

KATHLEEN YEARWOOD



I first heard of Kathleen Yearwood when someone called and requested something by her— which we didn't have...I was pleased to see she was coming to the festival so I could see what it was that prompted someone to call CiTR on a wet Wednesday morning. Well, she performed first in one of the workshops—unaccompanied apart from her own clapping–and put her whole body into a song about a friend who died in prison. Later, she did a concert backed by her band, Cheval de Guerre, giving a hard-rocking edge to a traditional French song. Her music ranges from the traditional—with original arrangements—to her own songs of personal experience, injustice and pain, which are often downright experimental. Yearwood and Cheval de Guerre will be performing at the Commodore on September 6, a Friday.

used to say "Oh, we can't say x y z about men because it might alienate them and they might not like it," whereas now we go "Let's write that, they'll really hate it" or "Yeah, that'll really upset people" and we enjoy it—just because we're so much more confident as performers.

Wendy: And we know that we can justify these things. If you know why you're doing something then it doesn't matter if people don't like it or take exception to it. It's if you're uncertain of what your line is or what you're trying to say, that's when you're on unsteady ground.

Discorder: You have songs about safe sex and the tradition of pumping pills into women: is women's health or rather women's medicine something which particularly bugs you?

Alison: We're all very aware of women's health issues—through our own experience generally. I think that "male medicine," which is what it tends to be even now, tends to treat women's bodies and women's mental health in a very flippant way—which does make me very angry.

Wendy: Despite all the publicity about safe sex, people still don't seem to take it on board—especially the heterosexual community. It seems like the gay community has not made significant inroads into educating people.

Discorder: How have you found touring with Attila the Stockbroker?

Wendy: He draws a crowd that we wouldn't normally attract and vice versa.

Alison: We've been described by journalists as a chalk and cheese combination. Obviously some of his audience hates what we do and some of our audience hates what he does, but mostly people are pleasantly surprised and it's sort of nice to force yourself on an audience.

Discorder: You put a lot of emotion or anger into your singing, it must take a lot of guts to "bare your soul."

Kathleen Yearwood: I just decided at a certain point that everybody was hiding too much. I've experienced a lot of prejudice because of where I'm coming from—I live in poverty, I'm a sexual assault survivor and this is the reason I think the way I do. I think it was with "Gynecologue" that I thought "OK, lets just talk about this." It was really frightening because what happens when you come out and talk about things that no one else talks about is that there's the possibility that people will just reject you. When I made the first record, the guy who recorded it said "People don't want to hear this stuff." I don't think that's true, I think there's a whole bunch of people like me who will sit there, saying nothing, and then say "Finally someone has told it like it is."

Discorder: Have you met with much opposition from audiences?

Kathleen: Never, but band members sometimes flip out! They're all guys and sometimes they don't want to stand on stage with me saying those things. It doesn't look good to their friends (laughs)—they say "Hey why d'you hang out with her, she's weird!"

Discorder: When did you meet up with the band (Cheval de Guerre)?

Kathleen: They're all from Edmonton: they're just people who want to play with me. We've been through a lot of personnel changes and personnality crises.

Discorder: You do some solo work as well, do you prefer one more than the other?

Kathleen: No. There are some songs I'd never do with the band. Then I write stuff specifically for the band, so they can get their yaya s out. I wanted to play with women, or at least have half and half, but the closest city to where I live is Edmonton, which isn't exactly a bustling metropolis and unfortunately most of the women that play leave, so I ended up playing with men.

Dicorder: Where do you find inspiration?

Kathleen: I listen to music, but very rarely. I sit out on my porch at night and listen to the coyotes and the crickets. I listen all the time. For music, there are my heroes that I listen to for instruction, like Ramnad Krishnan, Kiri Te Kanawa, singers mostly, and then music from all over the world. I don't ever put time aside to listen unless it's to learn something. I don't ever have music on in the background and I don't listen to pop music. I listen to CBC for company and it's kept my sanity at times, like when I've been really isolated. So I get my fill of Canadian pop and that keeps me writing too—sort of negative encouragement! It's so unfair, you know, when people listen to pop music, what do they have to choose from: there's some incredibly great stuff and then there's just some pap. You have to give people a choice, a wide choice.

Discorder: I found your song "Universal Incest" really powerful, because the vocals are so beautiful and the subject is so harrowing, is that deliberate?

Kathleen: Absolutely. We have also a traditional French song, about marriage: the vocals are really sweet and high and it's done over a raunchy guitar-drum thing. So you end up somewhere in between the sweetness and a horrible tirade. It "expands your mind" trying to listen to 2 things at once or entertain 2 thoughts at the same time. It's a good brain exercise.

Discorder: You talk about stepping out of your class and rejecting the facade of society. What prompted that?

Kathleen: I was trying to figure it out...It was because I saw inconsistencies when I was young and I'd go to people that I thought would know and they'd either tell me to shut up or they'd lie to me. I always had friends from other classes and backgrounds: I never had anything to say to the kids in the white, middle-class neighbourhood where my parents lived. Other people always seemed a lot more honest—they were allowed to complain about things rather than just pretending things were alright...You know, the thing about incest victims is that they spend 24 hours a day of their energy just trying to stay alive. It's like a psychic pain, like having all your limbs cut off and living with that pain every day and never having anyone notice it. That's something that has to come out publicly. Victims expect too much of themselves and then other people expect too much of them. You have to deal with a world of people who are not handicapped. You have to jump the chasm and go across and talk about it until there's a change and some form of support...The welfare people gave me 6 months disability—somehow I don't think I'm going to be over this in 6 months—I know it's a long time (laughs).

Discorder: You also mentioned that you'd done a lot of prison visiting...

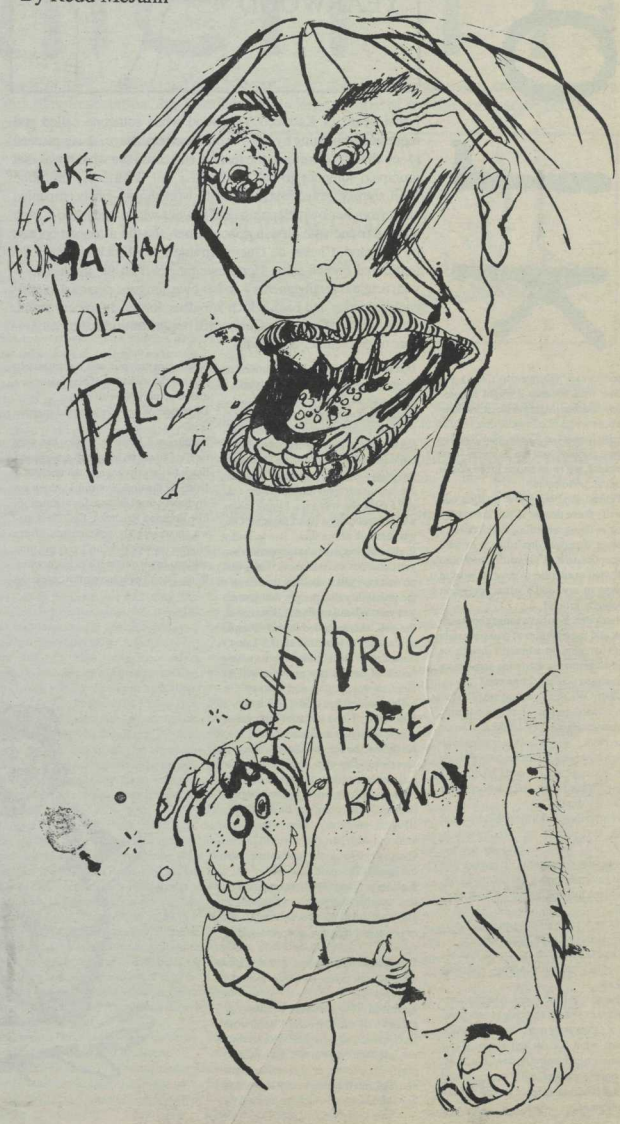
Kathleen: Yeah, well my brother was in jail so I was prison family and they treated me like I was some kind of criminal. I figured that if they didn't respect me as a citizen then I had no respect for the citizenship and the rights it supposedly bequeaths me. I did advocacy, but it mainly consisted of telling someone's mother "remember who you are and that these prison people are your employees and if they don't give you an adequate answer, don't give in." So then these 60-year old women would go in there and just start kicking butt!

Discorder: So do you have plans for another record?

Kathleen: Yeah, we're just starting recording it—going into debt. I'm doing it at a place in Edmonton called the Works, because I like the engineer. It's hard to find men I can work with. There's not a recording studio that I know of that's run by women. The first guy I worked with was really difficult, he wouldn't listen to me: it was like I had to have a man repeat what I said for it to be heard. It was like I was mute.

Doing Drugs in Public Places

By Redd McJann



Now of course I'm not advocating that anyone should go out of their way to do drugs. Heavens! However, many of you will probably find yourselves in situations where (unlike the liquid courage aspect of alcohol) you have unleashed the anti-social powers of chemicals into your person and are now faced with dealing with it in public—be it at a Skytrain station or the PNE Coliseum. There is a fine line between acquiring an emotional scar for the next five to ten years and having one fine evening. And the difference is all in how 'together' you appear to those around you.

STEP ONE:FORTITUDE

Yes, in today's fast paced lifestyle it is hard to tell where you're going to be two hours ahead of the present. Drugs, like clothing and money, must suit the occasion both in amount and style. You don't want to be in a place of high congestion when your prone to vomiting and you also don't want to find yourself alone in a dark place when your suffering from a paranoid delusion that bugs are everywhere (unless you like and feel comfortable with it, and don't have more stuff that the cops could find).

STEP TWO:COPS

Oh shit, you can barely grasp what's going on outside during your wild mental festival let alone deal with the two blue uniforms and regulation moustaches staring at you. What do you do?

a) STAY COOL. Animals can smell fear and they naturally understand the impulse to a challenge situation. Stare back and remember a smile never hurt anybody.

b) MAKE TRACKS. Why be obvious? Besides, you'll probably find something else to focus your entire attentions on the minute you turn your head.

c) PRETEND TO KNOW THEM. All they really want is a little attention.

The correct answer is of course "b", since the users of this guide probably do not have enough hands on savvy to handle "a" or "c". Plus you never know when one of them will sprout a second head and throw you right off. Be Yourself. Run Away, run away, run far awayyyy.

STEP THREE: ENDURANCE

If the substance you're abusing happens to be something you need to replenish often, how, when and where are you going to do it is important. Some people get a better rush off of doing drugs in public places, y'know kind of old age homes. Ideal situations are:

1) Language classes—the prof usually has their back to you because they are hovering over an overhead projector and the lights are down low. Just prop your binder up and act pensive.

2) Public Washrooms—North America can always be counted on for being too anal retentive to disturb anyone taking a 15 minute shit. Just drop a pebble or two in the toilet and grunt if you think things are getting suspicious.

3) 7-11 Parking Lots—give me convenience or give me death, just don't try and sell anything here.

The back alleys along Granville are a definite no-no, we're talking 'the suicide mission.' Just ask anyone who went to see the Fuck-Ups at the Cruel Elephant.

STEP FOUR: APPEARANCE

No, dark glasses and a tie-die Ralph Steadman shirt are not that good of an idea. But tattooing black X's on your fist is a little extreme and the people that are out to persecute you won't understand it anyway. We have already established that you don't want to attract too much attention to yourself, unless you are starting a revolution. In which case FUCK YOU! You should be totally straight, this ain't the sixties, so what are you trying to prove?!

FASHION TIPS

KIDS UNDER TWELVE EAT FREE: have a couple of children, maybe even a dog, with you. By golly, it's foolproof, and kids tend to behave themselves more in exchange for the pleasure of hanging out with someone who is "being bad."

EXOTIC PETS: a ferret, whistle pig, a monkey... only hermits on the Toronto subway who desperately want people to talk to them lug these funky companions around with them. If you have one, the general public assumes that you have an empty life and everyone leaves you alone except for teenage girls that are probably taking the same things you are. Expensive, inhumane, totally simple.

"DRUGS FREE BODY" or "REALLY ME" T-Shirts

And last, but not least, avoid asking questions like "Where is Lollapalooza?" or doing other things that tend to make one look lost and misguided. Have fun, stay sick, and remember "When in Doubt, Eat It."

MONDAYS

YOU COULDN'T KEEP US DOWN!

ALTERNATIVE NIGHT RETURNS EVERY MONDAY NIGHT AT THE PIT PUB

NO COVER BEFORE 10PM

FREE ADMISSION WITH THIS AD AFTER 10PM

TUESDAYS

WE'RE GONNA FUNK U UP

NOW YOU CAN DANCE TO THE FUNKIEST FUNK EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT

THURSDAYS

"LET'S TAKE THOSE OLD RECORDS OFF THE SHELF"

TODAY'S CLASSIC ROCK
EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT

THE PIT PUB

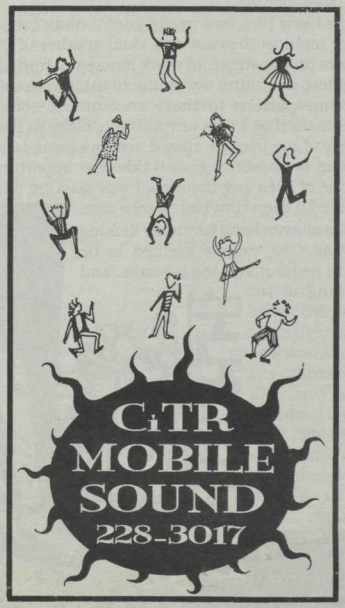
DJING BY CiTR

Maximum Blues Pub

presents the newest R&B room in town
in the HOTEL CALIFORNIA

Sept. 2-4 *Party Pigs*
Sept. 5-7 *Mud Bay Blues Band*
Sept. 9-14 *The Mike Jacobs Band*
Sept.16-21 *The Terry Edmonds Band*
Sept.23-28 *Richard King*

1/2 OFF DOOR FOR STUDENTS WITH I.D.
1176 GRANVILLE 688-8701



the cruel elephant

fully a month into the new year of the cruel elephant and happy as fuck. thanks to all the great hands that helped make **aug. 2** a howling success (as i remember) like **chris houston-superconductor-mary-gorilla gorilla-the reivers-lung-the bombshells-the smugglers-the show business giants-facepuller-and jef.** the cruel elephant loves you all. and now... **sun sept 1** is a special all-ages afternoon show starting @3:30: **LITTLE JOE**-featuring ex-members of euthanasia, curious george, chikara, snfu; also epitaph recording artists from seattle **COFFIN BREAK**. there will be the same line-up for the evening show for all you adults...doors @ 8. **tues 3** those no-cover artists are back **JEF** w/ **MOTHER TRUCKER wed 4** an evening of very high energy rock **RUSTY NAILS** w/ **CAT'S GAME thurs 5 PLANET OF SPIDERS** w/ **THE WORST fri 6** back to school special featuring **MICKEY CHRIST** w/ **PASTE** w/ **CLUSTER FUX** (actual order unknown!) **sat 7** which came first-jesus or elvis? find out with **CHRIS HOUSTON AND HIS EVIL TWANG** featuring ex-DOA rhythm dudes and a guest guitarist. alex varty? art bergmann? randy bachman? **sun 8** from california comes **HEDGEHOG** w/ spoken word-poetry performances **wed 11 SHINE** w/ **THE INDECISIVES thurs 12** a very groovy night of seattle rock **HIPPY BIG BUCKLE** w/ **THE SAPIENS** w/ **LADY JUGS O'PLENTY sat 14** power pop punk **64 FUNNY CARS** w/ seattle's **LIKE RAIN sun 15** an almost open stage for a spoken word/poetry night at last. **tues 17** the fringe festival's volunteer appreciation night w/ live roots rock bands **wed 18** victoria's only **SHOW BUSINESS GIANTS** w/ only in victoria could come **THE VINEGRETTS thurs 19** from san fran women that rock in **OVARIAN TROLLEY** w/ **SUGAR BOOM** and also from seattle is **SORE JACKSON fri 20** did you say melones grande? **GORILLA GORILLA** with special surprise guests **sat 21** a night of total insanity. cross-border weirdness **THE SARCASTIC MANNEQUINS** w/ western washington's **THE SQUIRRELS sun 22** a very heavy night-first three words: **9 POUND HAMMER**; and one word: **TANKHOG**. not for the squeemish! **wed 25** is a special benefit show for the good old highly-underrated environment: phone for details **thurs 26** wee have a surprise headline act w/ **SISTER LOVERS fri 27** wow a killer night of frenzy'd pop-punk explosions **THE SWEATERS**. w/ **THE TOUCH'N'GOS** two bands that the US press is singing high praise of but the "van press are ignoring" guess they're not as good as loverboy oh well but that's not all from victoria B.U.M. **sat 28** from minneapolis the **BONE CLUB** w/ san fran's **HITTING BIRTH** and on **sun 29** political folk-rock that is about to sweep the nation from san fran **THE BEDLAM ROVERS**. also!! a new menu is in the works also cheaper stuff and no cover before 8 or so; so come on down for dinner and dig it .....

HAPPY AS FUCK FOR 91

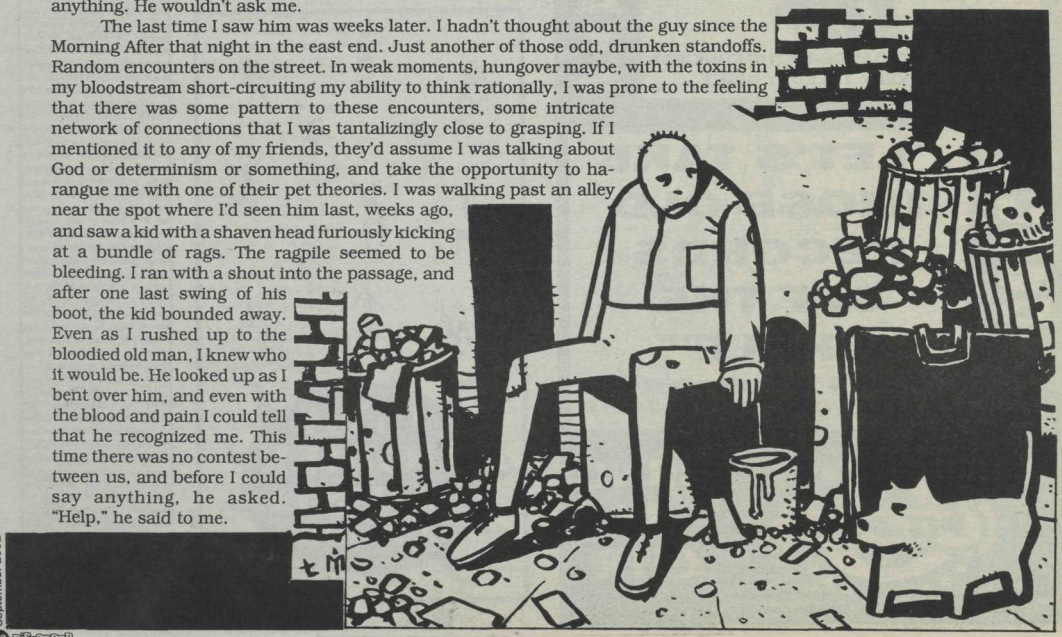
HELP!!! by Christopher Kovacs

He was in the alley behind the bar when I first saw him, wedged between a couple of grafittied dumpsters. The smell was enough to turn the stomach, but I wondered later if most of the stink wasn't old pies left by college boys unable to hold it until the next toilet. We were loading the gear into the back of the van, and I was stuck with a particularly heavy amp. I'd put it down to rub the strap marks on my palms, and when I glanced to the left, there he was, ragged and dusty, all stubble and red eyes. Those motionless eyes held me for a second, but the drummer came limping out with the rest of his kit, and I broke away to heave the amp into the van. I circled around the far side afterwards, so that I wouldn't pass in front of the dumpsters again. Inside, I told the guitarist about the bum, wondering prettily if we should try and help him out somehow, but he came back in after a few seconds, saying, "There's nobody out there, man."

We used to have arguments about passing out coin in the street. A few of the wits avowed that they'd flip a buck to a beggar only if he swore it was for booze, not the perennial "coffee." Others refused only the punks with $200 leathers or punkettes with impeccable make-up and hairdye. Some would give only to the panhandlers who did something, no matter how sad and desperate, like the Old Guy With The Hat by the Royal Bank whose soft shoe routine consisted only of a few almost indistinguishable, exhausted shuffles. I've always been inconsistent. It depends mostly on my mood — happy or drunk or miserable, I'll shower coin like beads of sweat, most other times, forget it. My more socially concerned acquaintances attack this behavior as indefensible. I agree, and refuse to attempt to defend it.

The next time we saw him, we were drunk, Sean and Larry and I, and for some reason I knew immediately that it was the same guy. Same tattered clothing, same demonic and doe-like eyes. It was on one of the backstreets down in the east end. He was sitting on a doorstep, leaning back into the jamb, ignoring the few people still scuttling from bar to bar. I stopped in front of him, emboldened by the booze, and assumed me best generic-50's-actor voice. "Say, haven't I seen you somewhere before?" He looked at me with this terrible dignity, closed his eyes and nodded twice, then opened them and said "Yeah." And there it was again. I was rooted in front of this guy. It wasn't as dramatic as all that — I stood there, smoking, feeling the fullness of my bladder, maybe even tapping my toe a bit, but I couldn't leave until something more had passed between us. Larry and Sean were fidgeting in the fringes of my peripheral vision, smoking a joint or something, but I stood and waited. The bum sat there motionless, looking at me. I could hear the streetlight buzzing behind me, and a siren far off, wailing in rhythm with music from a bar down the street. The bastard wouldn't say anything. He wouldn't ask me.

The last time I saw him was weeks later. I hadn't thought about the guy since the Morning After that night in the east end. Just another of those odd, drunken standoffs. Random encounters on the street. In weak moments, hungover maybe, with the toxins in my bloodstream short-circuiting my ability to think rationally, I was prone to the feeling that there was some pattern to these encounters, some intricate network of connections that I was tantalizingly close to grasping. If I mentioned it to any of my friends, they'd assume I was talking about God or determinism or something, and take the opportunity to harangue me with one of their pet theories. I was walking past an alley near the spot where I'd seen him last, weeks ago, and saw a kid with a shaven head furiously kicking at a bundle of rags. The ragpile seemed to be bleeding. I ran with a shout into the passage, and after one last swing of his boot, the kid bounded away. Even as I rushed up to the bloodied old man, I knew who it would be. He looked up as I bent over him, and even with the blood and pain I could tell that he recognized me. This time there was no contest between us, and before I could say anything, he asked. "Help," he said to me.



MIND EXPANSION for the WHY BOTHER? GENERATION

by JULES KILLAM

If you stick a stock of liquor in
your locker,
It is slick to stick a lock upon
your stock.
Or some joker who is slicker's
going to trick you of your
liquor,
If you fail to lock your liquor
with a lock.
-Anonymous

I've had about nine coffees since I woke up yesterday afternoon and my hands are starting to betray me.

Holy shit, I can think clearly though...

So let's talk about drugs. Drugs. When you say it you've gotta vocally underline it. It sounds better with a Mid-England accent too. So say it like that. Drugs.

The baby-boomers really fucked up the drug experience. (Sex too. It's getting harder to find cheap, easy sex these days) They went about it all wrong. They used it just as an escape from the dull, useless lives they led. We're not going to do that. We'll do it right.

With what? There's always alcohol. The recompense previous generations left us because they fucked up. But really, now. What good is it? One St. Patty's day in high school I polished off just shy of a fifth of whisky on my own. My friends who could give a better account of it say I was standing straight and could even pronounce my own name. As I said not much good, eh?

That, and Canadians, on the whole, drink the worst stuff. All right, there are others out there fond of 100-proof vodka straight up. Nothing wrong with that is there? But most people aren't. By the time they're old enough to drink legally, people have acquired a taste for beer or shit mixes. A couple years later they've sworn off the "hard stuff" (excuse me but dribbles of alcohol nicked from their parents and mixed with Kool-aid does not count as "hard stuff"') so they're left with beer.

North American beer is probably the most foul beverage on earth. Lite beer with few calories, the colour and consistency of bison piss, and all the taste of watered-down turpentine. Hardly fabulous stuff. Maybe if it was that black, poisonous, overproof European type that melts furniture it would be okay but it isn't so it's not.

If you are one of the aforementioned type of drinkers you could try mixing drinks. I don't mean that shit you dump in the blender with ice and fruit, I mean real drinks. Pick up a book like Mr. Boston's Official Bartender's Guide. A lot of people say the recipes make strong drinks but they're just a fine strength if you're not some poofter.

But there are much better ways to blow your mind, I mean, um...uh, expand your horizons. Sex is a great way of going about it but too often you need a partner so it's a bit more difficult to come by (pardon the pun). Cigarettes work, but for the price and the huge volume necessary they're really not worth it. Besides, there's a billion wankers sitting at the next table who whine and cry and shit their shorts if you light up so it just ain't worth it.

You could become a Trekkie/Trekker. (I can't see the difference, can you see the difference? No, there's no difference!) Very amusing and mucho-interesting, but, to sit down and watch both series without commercials and the movies too requires something like 5 days straight. Even I go a bit queer in the head with that little sleep. Plus, Vulcan ears look really dumb on fully 99% of the population. I suspect that throwing up in a punch bowl is a better way to discover the meaning of life.

School must be mentioned. As a mind-expansion tool it's as futile as the LSD your parents used to take. Per semester at college, if I garner one sole, wee snippet of useful information, it can be counted as time well-spent.

Not to say that school is utterly useless. If anything it's almost as effective an excuse to avoid real work as is pursuing a music career. But the best way to learn anything from school is to chat with the teachers on coffee breaks. Especially the ones who go outside for a smoke. These people are fonts of the most unusable information you wouldn't dare voice in front of your own parents. Plus they always have a miraculous collection of jokes.

But, at a few hundred dollars every four months is it quite worth the price? Uh-uh, I think not. You can achieve the same effect by taking a bunch of friends to Bino's in the wee small hours of the morning and drinking lots of coffee.

Every single popular drug from the 60's through the 80's is useless. No matter how fuckin-A that reefer is, it's not going to do anything interesting to your mind.

Cocaine. Now there's a real brilliant drug. I really wanna feel aggressive, paranoid and impotent.

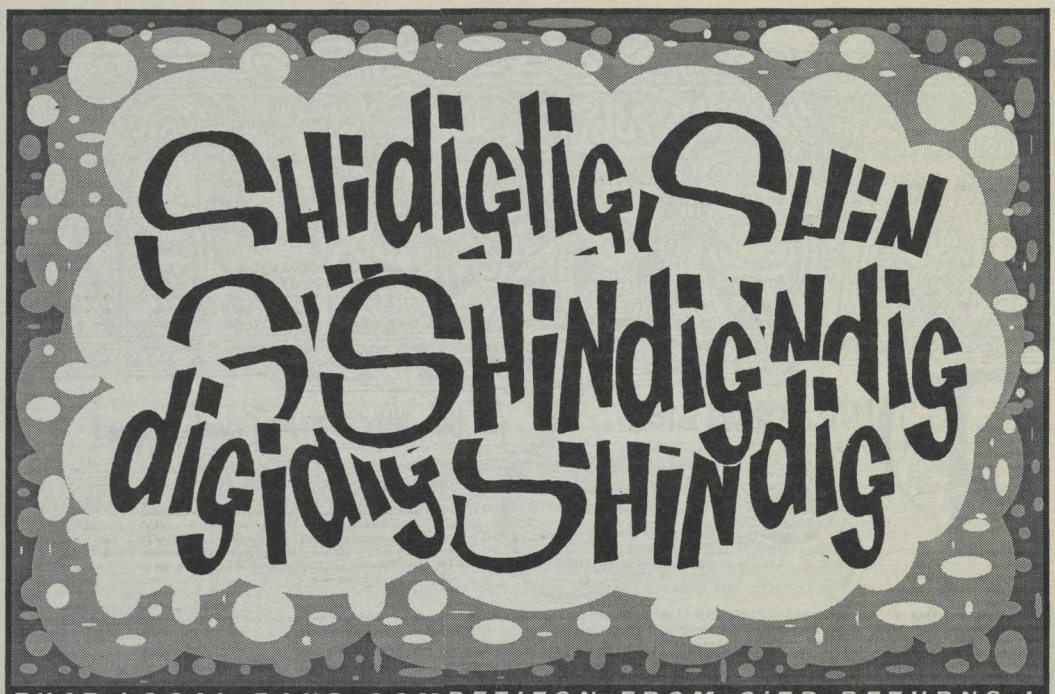
Anything that you have to inject into your body is pretty well a waste. Of course the track marks on your arm are a pretty accurate display of how far your brain is melting.

But don't give up hope. The intelligentsia of the technology industry is hard at work on new, improved way to get you high. All with the benefit of federal grants, too. Yes, Virginia, I am talking about those, pocket-protected, calculator-carrying, techno-dweebs of Silicon Valley who like coining catchphrases like "multimedia". The avant-garde of high technology are the vanguard of high flying. From digitized hallucinations to teledildonics, these Comp-Phreaks are revolutionizing the way we trip. Steve Jobs, one of the two Steves who created the Apple computer is a self-confessed erstwhile acidhead. Timothy Leary is one of the hottest tickets on the lecture circuits these days giving lectures on the melding of PC's and mind expansion. Apple Computer buys tickets for its employees to go see the Grateful Dead.

So what do these info-nerds take to achieve whatever wonderful effects? Hydergine, U4ia, DMT, Ketamine, MDMA. Real hallucinogens. So new and so easily modified that legislation against them is barely enacted before they are strengthened and modified. Talk about incredible stuff. Legal (though just momentarily), with the benefits of clearing all the cranial waste of everyday life, and the ability to work a day and half without rest. These are the people who program military computers for Star Wars and Stealth Bombers. Truly heady stuff. When can we, the people, get in on this?

Oh, and on a final note, Teledildonics. As best I can tell the concept's been around a couple years. It's the ultimate in phone sex. A body suit with motion sensors and vibratory patches. Hook up with someone over the phone and enter a virtual reality sexual encounter. No diseases, no pregnancies, no-one has to sleep in the wet spot.

Any mind that can come up with an idea like that should be plied with even more potent drugs...



THAT LOCAL BAND COMPETITON FROM CiTR RETURNS !

EVERY MONDAY

AT THE RAILWAY CLUB 579 DUNSMUIR

See Vancouver's newest bands compete for these fabulous prizes:

1st - 24 hours on 24 tracks at Mushroom Studios; 20 hours on 24 tracks at Fluid Studios; opening spot for an out-of-town band produced by Perryscope

2nd - 20 hours on 24 tracks at Bullfrog Studios

3rd - 24 hours on 8 tracks at Renegade Studios; 24 hours on 8 tracks at Deadbeat Studios

THE FESTIVITIES BEGIN MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

There's still time for all of you aspiring Shindig hopefuls; all you need to do is drop off a tape to CiTR with two or three original songs. Call Linda at 822-3017 for more information.

SPONSORED BY:

Perryscope Concert Productions Ltd.

Mushroom Studios

Fluid Sound Studios Productions

Deadbeat Studios

Bullfrog Recording Studios

King Missile

by Michael Leduc

Rock and roll is a strange game. In it you can find bands as diverse as Godflesh and Men Without Hats, Iggy Pop and the Allman Brothers. Each of them could carry the banner of rock'n'roll. They once said that rock'n'roll is the sound of things falling apart. Figure that one out. All I know is that because they're both rock n'roll bands—King Missile, with three albums out on New York-based Shimmy Disc and one new album entitled *The Way to Salvation* on Atlantic, wound up opening for a local Grateful Dead cover band at 86 St. Music Hall on August 1st. It's one of those shows I'll always remember. I'll say, "You know, I remember I saw King Missile, there were only fourteen people there and most of them were watching the Lions' game on the big screen." It's things like this that make rock n'roll great though.

DISCORDER: What exactly is Shimmy Disc and what is the idea behind it?

Dave Rick: Kramer started it after first quitting Shockabilly Records. He was in the Butthole Surfers for a short time but he wanted to get off the road. This studio came real cheap. He wouldn't let anybody put out his records so he decided to put them out himself. The first two were Bongwater and B.A.L.L., King Missile was actually the third Shimmy Disc release. So Noise New York, which is the studio, and Shimmy Disc, which is the label, are all owned by Kramer. John approached him in his own fashion.

John S. Hall: I just wanted to record demo tapes. I didn't know about Shimmy Disc...There were no Shimmy Discs out at that time. So Kramer said: "New label Shimmy Disc...If you give me the money, I'll put it out on the label." So I gave him all the money.

DISCORDER: So you paid for the recording and he paid for the pressing.

John: No, I paid for everything, including the tape.

Dave: In those days Kramer was trying to make direct money from the studio. For the most part, unless it directly involved him playing on it, you have to pay for it.

DISCORDER: So what you get is what you get.

Dave: Yeah, exactly. For the most part the situation has worked out because most records sell 2 or 3000 copies. King Missile and Bongwater have sold more than that, Gwar also. So Gwar left the label. King Missile left the label and, well, Bongwater is Kramer's band.

DISCORDER: So does everyone in all of these bands know each other?

John: Not really. I don't know the Gwar people.

Dave: I've met them once, I met John by playing with Bongwater and I met Kramer before that because he saw me play in a band called Phantom Tollbooth. He needed a guitarist so he asked me to join Bongwater.

DISCORDER: How did the Atlantic deal happen? Did you pursue that or...?

John: Well, we were sending tapes to various labels last year. There was an A&R person at Atlantic records who liked us so within in five months we had a deal.

Dave: We had decided to leave Shimmy Disc; we had sold a pile of records and had not seen any money from them even though we had been getting a lot of airplay.

John: Actually we hadn't sold that many records, by Shimmy Disc standards we had, but considering "Jesus was Way Cool" was a number one college hit we weren't selling that many records. It discouraged me that we could make these popular records that weren't getting out to the people.

DISCORDER: Do you feel Atlantic will give you the push that will help you sell more records?

John: It wasn't even a matter of getting the proper push, what I was looking for was distribution, just getting the record into stores, and they've been doing that.

DISCORDER: What do you feel about all these formally independent bands like Dinosaur Jr., Screaming Trees, Babes in Toyland, etc., being signed to major labels?

Dave: Times are changing, a little for the better and a little for the worse.

DISCORDER: Do you think that majors are going to bother hanging onto bands that sell less than 100,000 records?

John: I think that some labels will and some won't. I don't think Atlantic will quit, frankly. It's hard to say, I don't see that Eleventh Day Dream is in any great trouble and they haven't been selling nearly 100,000 records. Their second record did about what their first one did, and Atlantic seems satisfied with that.

Dave: It's a matter of expectations; it's a matter of what kind of profits people need; it's a matter of what kind of money goes out for it.

John: There was talk that major labels would change. They would wait for four or five years for an act to develop and just not pour as much money in right away. Just wait longer for the bigger pay off, just give it a few years. I'm not sure if that's going to happen or not.

Dave: They kept Eleventh Dream Day but they dropped Redd Kross.

John: Yeah, but that's different. Redd Kross is like that old style where you dump far too much money in.

Dave: Yeah, yeah. Anyway, we like the people we deal with in the alternative department.

John: It's just a matter of whether the higher ups know how to deal with it. If one label decides to drop its alternative marketing division chances are that the others would follow suit. But the success of bands like REM and Sonic Youth make it that much easier for us, and any alternative band that sells over 100,000 copies help us out.

DISCORDER: Do you feel that it restricts you at all being on a major label with regards to what you can or cannot put out?

John: I don't see any evidence of restriction in REM or Sonic Youth or Screaming Trees. I think the bands that make the mistake are the ones that decide to change musically. If you're not a commercial act you shouldn't make commercial sellout music.

DISCORDER: I'll agree with you on that point, but what I'm getting at is whether you could put a song like "Double Fucked by Two Black Studs" on an album at this stage of the game.

John: I don't know if I could or not, I'm not really inclined to try, but the real question is if I'm really, really angry about Government policies. Or if I want to make a blatant statement about sexual politics would I be able to get away with it? Would I get criticized? I don't know: but it also raises the point of self-censorship where there's something in the back of my mind that might think "Oh, I'm not going to get away with this" and that is my problem and it's something I may break out of and maybe I won't. So far I haven't felt frustrated or castrated. I feel like I'm able to do what I want. I am also aware that I have the opportunity to go to indie labels with stuff that is way out there. This makes me feel less tempted to want to do it or a major because there are other outlets for me to do so.

Discorder: Unlike other singers you speak your lyrics rather than sing them. Are you going to be doing more of that, or are you trying to get away from that?

John: No, I won't be getting away from that. That's the easiest most natural thing for me to do. I think I lack the patience to write songs, you know, to write things that rhyme. I want to say what I want to say and I don't want to spend a lot of time figuring out how to make it fit into a typical metrical rhyming structure. If something like "Scotland," which is a simple ditty, occurs to me I'm not going to reject it just because it rhymes and is metrically even. I do prefer to do things that sound more conversational.

Discorder: Do you find that the people who come to your shows know what you're talking about? Is there something that is revealed to them when they see you live as opposed to listening to your records?

John: It seems to me that if there are some things [that] weren't highlighted on the record I can highlight them live. And also guitars come through live the way they do on the record. Live people are probably surprised at what Dave Rick does on guitar...

Discorder: What I mean really is a song like "Indians," which is quite political. Do you think that your average listener gets the message of that song or that they just say "Ha, ha, funny guy that King Missile singer!"

John: In the States anyway, I don't know how it is here in Canada, it is impossible to bring up the Indians without being political. I mean that's just the way it is.

Discorder: What I mean is that the audience will just think it's a funny song rather than actually think about the meaning of it. A song like "Jesus was Way Cool" for instance.

John: Some people have a spiritual relationship with that song. They will be like "wow, that's how I feel about Jesus, he was probably really cool; it would be cool to hang out with him," the whole Jesus Christ Superstar idea. He was this human rather than what you are taught in school that Jesus was this God that you pray to: the idea of Jesus as a man, that some Christians find blasphemous. From "Indians" you have this idea that...you know sometimes just a simple statement of truth is political because governments tend to gloss over the truth because it suits their means. It's just a matter of politics that you want to accentuate your problem. In other words, people could say, Indians killed white people too. But it's not really relevant to what I'm talking about, which is the repression and rape of a whole tribe of people, so it is a political statement. But then "Take Stuff From Work" is a political statement. "Cheesecake Truck" can be perceived that way. For me, the basic approach is how do I feel about something today? So my opinion about the Indians is that that was very bad of us. For me there is no hedging about that. I would just say no, it was bad, it was evil, we should not have done it. I was just thinking about the war—the most recent one. A couple of people have come out and said "necessary evil, necessary evil" and my thought is that it was completely unnecessary, it was just evil!

DISCORDER: How would you approach that idea within the context of a song?

John: I did write something about the war, but it was too of the moment. It was totally ironic, like "how great that that war only lasted a week and nobody was killed." Sort of a rag on what the government told us, and sort of pretending to believe it. I think what hurts me the most is the acceptance that most people had of it and the feeling of a lot of people that it was over. I was actually surprised by the cover of *Time* Magazine last week, "The war, was it worth it?" That's *Time*...they own Warner ...they own Atlantic...That's like the conservative grandfather saying "Hey, maybe we made a mistake." This is pretty fast revisionism and maybe a sign of weakness on the part of the presidency. There's that whole thing about the CIA and the deal with the Iranians to hold the hostages until after the Carter-Reagan election. This is a big news story now and some people are hoping that it may embarrass the President out of office. That may be a pie-in-the-sky kind of dream. But these days in the States, if you want to go on living at all, you have to dream about a better political situation.

DISCORDER: It seems like you consider yourself more of a political spokesperson or a poet rather than a rock and roll frontman. How does it all fit together?

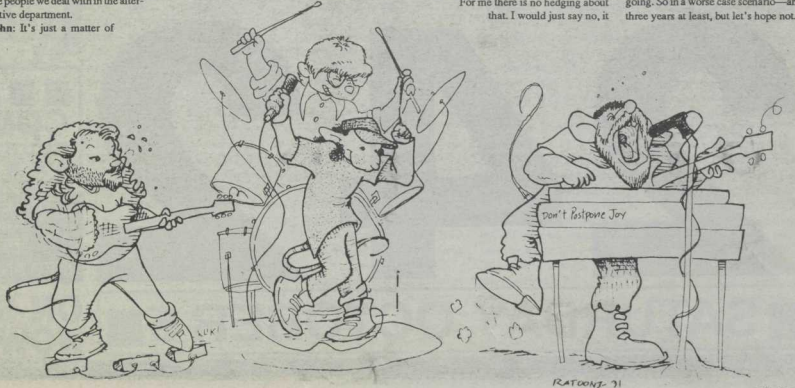
John: What I do is basically words. I'm in a band because my words get out to more people that way. The audience I want to reach is young people—most of my friends listen to more records than they read. In general, I think it is better to listen to artists rather than read them. There's more power in the voice, of say Allen Ginsberg, Immamu Baraka, Jack Kerouac...

DISCORDER: Burroughs?

John: Oh Burroughs! Forget it! What an incredible voice, you're losing 80% of it by only reading it. Anything you can get out of Burroughs reading or reciting stuff is just miles away better than just reading it.

DISCORDER: So how much longer do you think you will be doing this rock and roll thing.

John: Even if our second record doesn't do well enough by Atlantic standards that wouldn't be until the middle of 1993. The band would probably stick around for a year after that to try to and get something else going. So in a worse case scenario—another three years at least, but let's hope not.



STOP!! DON'T THROW THOSE ALBUMS AWAY - SHOW THEM WITH

Album Art ™

- Create your own personal theme wall.
- Stores 4 albums per unit.
- Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Please send check or money order to:
NOTM ENTERPRISES
P.O. Box 190691 DEPT. 54
ANCHORAGE, AK 99519
(add 75¢ postage & handling per unit.)

$3.95 UNIT

SHINDIG SPECIAL!

10% OFF OUR ALREADY LOW RATES

Fully equipped 8-track studio
Live sound room and full MIDI sequencing
Musicians and services available
Bring this ad for your discount
Limited time offer.

DEADBEAT STUDIOS
687 5803

THE Yale

THE BEST IN LIVE RHYTHM & BLUES EACH NIGHT
1300 GRANVILLE (AT DRAKE)
FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL
681-YALE

VANCOUVER'S HOTTEST BLUES NIGHTCLUB

Aug. 29-31 **ORIGINAL SINNERS**
Sept. 2-4 **HARP DOG BROWN**
Sept. 5-7 **JIM BYRNES**
Sept. 9 **OLIVER AND THE ELEMENTS**
Sept. 10-14 **DAVID RAVEN**
Sept. 16-18 **OLIVER AND THE ELEMENTS**
Sept. 19-21 **AL WALKER BLUES BAND**
Sept. 23 **GATEMOUTH BROWN**
Sept. 24-28 **LITTLE MIKE AND THE TORNADOS**
Sept. 30 **OLIVER AND THE ELEMENTS**
Oct. 1 **GAIL BOWEN**

DON'T MISS JACK LAVIN'S JAMS:
SAT. 3-8 PM / *SUNDAY BLUES MARATHON JAM* SUN. 3 PM-MIDNITE

OPEN EACH NIGHT FROM 9:30 pm - 1:30 am OPEN WEEKDAYS FROM 11:30 am

Coast 800 THE SPIRIT OF RADIO PRESENTS

AN EVENING **FOR YOU** WITH

FRONT 242

THE COMMODORE
DOORS 8PM
SHOW 10:30PM

TICKETS on Sale Now at Track, Zulu, and at TICKETMASTER
INFO AND CHARGE 280-4444

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5

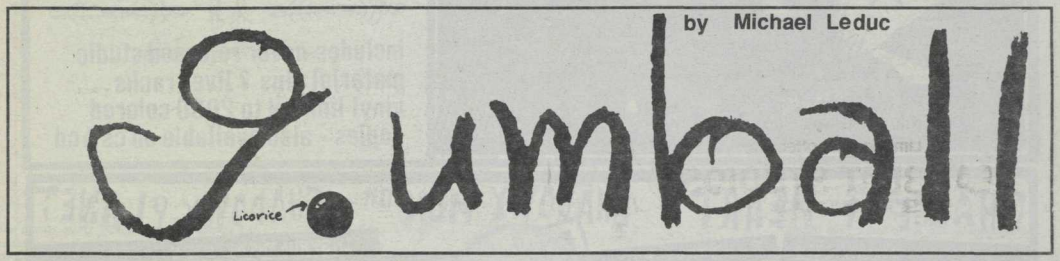
ON SALE NOW!!

Coca-Cola CLASSIC

PRODUCED BY PERRYSCOPE

Gumball

by Michael Leduc



Gumball is yet another fine collection of New York grungemongers who synthesize trippy guitar noise and pop. Fronted by guitarist Don Fleming, who has also played in Dinosaur Jr., Velvet Monkeys (for over a decade), B.A.L.L., and Half Japanese, is suave and debonaire, without assuming the dreaded Car Salesmen's sliminess. He has also produced Sonic Youth (Thurston Moore appears on Gumball's new release, *Special Kiss*), Teenage Fan Club and Hole. Bassist Eric Vermillion plays for The Stump Wizards, while drummer Jay Speigel has performed in B.A.L.L., Dinosaur Jr., and the Velvet Monkeys. Recently, Gumball stumbled into CiTR's radio station during, their North American tour, where they met up with fellow-grunger Michael Leduc.

Discorder: I've heard rumours of a legendary band called the Velvet Monkeys. What was that about?

Gumball: Oh yeah, that's still going. We've had that together for about ten years at this point, with fifteen different line-ups and encompassing seventy different people. It's kinda like a party band, with a lot of people, and it's still going, although it's not really feasible as a touring band at this point. We do one show a year, so it's still happening. We're still in all those bands...Half Japanese...

Discorder: So how can you start dividing your loyalties between all this stuff?

Gumball: Well, it's confusing to everybody, but not to us. We just like to play with different people. I mean this is definitely our main band, Gumball. We go on tour for four months of the year and then record with it, so it is definitely the main thing we're doing. The nature of it rolls quite easily.

Discorder: When I listen to this Gumball record, *Special Kiss*, I think of just one thing: rock and roll. What's the story behind your musical roots? Did you go into some second hand record store and pick up an Iggy and the Stooges record for 50 cents, or how did it all start?

Gumball: Well, I guess it's pretty rock, yeah. Like everything we touch is rock. But to me, the Gumball record is a little more pop-y than a lot of the other stuff we've done.

Discorder: Wasn't there a formative time in your adolescence when you decided, "Hey man, I don't want to work in a McDonald's, I want to be a rock and roll star."

Gumball: Back then...Well, when I was in high school my room looked like this room with all these records in it. I had a lot of records and I listened to a lot of music, so there wasn't really one band that started it all. The Stooges were definitely one, Roxy Music as well, however, there were a lot of influences.

Discorder: When you guys started out in Washington there were basically two camps: there was the Go-Go scene with E.U. and than there was Bad Brains and Minor Threat. So where did you guys fit into that picture?

Gumball: It's the same now as it was then, a lot of people from both scenes were into us but we weren't part of either one of them. We did shows with Minor Threat and we did shows with E.U., but it was weird, it's kinda always been that way. It's like we're not part of a sound. To me the Gumball thing is more like the early Velvet Monkeys sound. I don't think we match too many other bands coming out of New York right now.

Discorder: What about points in-between? What do you think about the whole music scene at the moment?

Gumball: It's kinda weird at the moment, kinda bizarre sorta. I mean when we were doing Velvet Monkey records, in the early Eighties, we never thought about talking to major labels. We didn't even want to talk to indie labels. We just wanted to rock. Maybe get out a record, maybe not, just record it, don't worry about it. Now it's really changed. A lot of bands are going to go straight to major labels. I think a lot of them that are getting picked up by major labels, make a couple records, and then, after spending a lot of money, the label just lets them slip.

Discorder: What's the real Dinosaur Jr. story?

Gumball: Who?

Discorder: What happened? What happened?

Gumball: We were in the band, we were out of the band.

Discorder: So is this guy tough to work with or what?

Gumball: He's no tougher to work with than we are to work with. I mean, we've gone through more people than he has. He'd been playing with the Velvet Monkeys and it just seemed natural at the time to get in the band with him and do it. Doing the single was a lot of fun, but once we started practicing we realized that it was going to be too much work and we're not into rehearsing that much. We just basically like to go on and play. We're not into a precision oriented thing, and that was hard 'cause we had two drummers going.

Discorder: You had two guitarists as well.

Gumball: And no bass player, so it was fun but it was just too much like two bands playin' at the same time.

Discorder: Back to the independent thing, what about the health of the labels themselves? SUB-POP has had some problems recently, and Rough Trade too, so what does that mean to you guys?

Gumball: We feel bad and a lot of bands are definitely getting screwed by it. It means that no independent is safe. Before, with the independents, if a band could sell a lot of records they could get sorta big. Now it seems like the biggest one has faltered two years later, three years later, after selling hundreds of thousands of records, so I have to blame it on mismanagement of some sort. All these indies are playing in the major market now, which is good in a way. It's not like regular indies, it's creating something else—maybe just new-style indies. A real indie is some geek who gets enough money together to get a single put out. I think we should get back to that.

Discorder: What do you think about bootlegs?

Gumball: I'll always like bootlegs from the archivists' point of view. I'll listen to a Hendrix bootleg but not The Grateful Dead. I think the people that are buying the bootlegs are buying the artists' legitimate records anyway.

Discorder: I'm thinking more about a band like Sonic Youth or Mudhoney or bands that probably aren't makin' so much money.

Gumball: A lot of the bootlegging is because American labels refuse to press records now, and a lot of people who want that product don't have a CD player and don't want to deal with a cassette. So someone's gotta bootleg the record that they mastered off of a CD and it's the same price as the CD. I mean, what do you expect? Of course some kid's going to buy it. It doesn't help the band, I agree, but that's something you got to expect when you get on a major, and you just gotta deal with it.

Discorder: So you're anti-CD then?

Gumball: Well...I'm not anti-CD, I'm pro-record. We're pro-8-track as well, and we brought our 8-tracks with us again.

Discorder: What do you have in your 8-track collection there?

Gumball: You name it, we've got it: Alice Cooper, Sammy Davis, Cheap Trick, Cheap Trick Live, The Carpenters, you name it.

Discorder: Don, you do things on the side as well, like production work for Teenage Fan Club.

Gumball: Yeah, I've been doing a little work on the side. Being in the studio isn't more fun than being on the road, for the most part. I went over to Liverpool and did their new album.

Discorder: How does it feel to be a darling of the British press?

Gumball: Yeah, but the backlash has already started. We had backlash on the first tour with people giving us crappy press. Some posters that were put up said that we had been in Dinosaur Jr., or played with people in Sonic Youth, and these reviewers are getting on us. It just gets a little aggravating when we get bad press about it and, of course, we had nothing to do with it in the first place. How can you defend yourself? You can't. You just have to let it go through.

Discorder: How does a guy like myself get into this scene man? There's no scene in Vancouver.

Gumball: I don't know, but don't look to Seattle for a clue. Let me tell ya, come to New York. You just gotta pull up those roots and head down the old trail, the old trail of life. It seems to me what starts the scene is a couple of bands that somehow get big either because they are very good, they tour a lot, or they get a lot of hype. You guys are ripe for it. You got any good bands here? The Smugglers...

Discorder: The Smugglers, yeah, they're sorta very sixties. There's some very good bands in town, it just seems to be very directionless at the moment.

Gumball: Well, is there a label in town?

Discorder: There are a couple sprouting up.

Gumball: Well there you go. You have to make your own fate, like in *Terminator II*. You have to make your own fate, so do it. But anyhow, we're going to California, we're goin' to Texas, then we're goin' to Graceland. We're not playin' there, just distributing there.

Discorder: Is this that rock and roll thing? Is this what it's all about: in a band headed across the country playin' tapes, playin' gigs?

Gumball: You got it dude, you got it. This is the best way to meet people, up close and personal. We're meeting people every day. We love it. Then we're going over to Europe to East Germany to do our first East Berlin show. That should be hot. Then back to the U.K. and we'll check out the backlash press this time. In fact, there's some talk of us doing a tour with EMF in October. I think they have to be joking.

Discorder: What do you think of all these British bands coming over here and drinkin' our liquor, screwin' our women...

Gumball: I hate it. I think we should be able to shoot them all as soon as they get through the gate. Touring America is the worst thing in the world for an American band, but English bands just go crazy and people here just think it's the greatest thing. The thing there is that the bands are the flavour of the week. *The Melody Maker* can make or break you, it's just a real different scene there.

Discorder: Proportionately, would you say you sell more records over there than here?

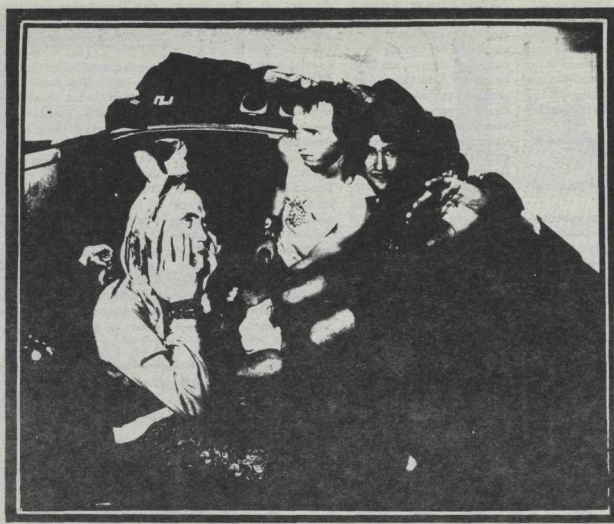
Gumball: Yes.

Discorder: Is it twice as many?

Gumball: Well, right now it's been about equal, which has been very surprising over here. We're selling a lot more over here than we thought we would, 'cause we haven't toured that much. In the last few years, we've done 6 or 7 tours in Europe and 2 in America. Both of those were set up opening for Sonic Youth. Otherwise, we would never have gotten them. This is the first one we're doing by ourselves.

Discorder: So, what is it with this Beat Happening, man. There are people that just love them and there are people that just hate them.

Gumball: You love them or you hate them, there's no middle ground. They opened a few gigs for Fugazi and, like them, you're either into their shtick or not. It's sorta an acquired taste. I love them 'cause they know what rock and roll's all about.



SNFU

THE LAST OF THE BIG TIME SUSPENDERS

includes never released studio material plus 7 live tracks... vinyl limited to 2000 colored copies - also available on cs & cd

---

CHANGE of HEART

VOCAL SIDE

1. Tired of Waking Up Tired
2. Mythology

A split seven inch release by two of Toronto's finest bands on green vinyl.

SHADOWY MEN on a SHADOWY PLANET

INSTRUMENTAL SIDE

1. Tired of Waking Up Tired
2. The Alouette, She Was Canada's First Satellite, Way Before the Americans Even

---

NOMEANSNO

YOU KILL ME EP

SEX MAD LP

SONGS ABOUT LOVE, DEATH, SEX AND BOB

NOW BOTH AVAILABLE ON ONE CASSETTE & CD

CARGO RECORDS

ICKY JOEY
pooh

HULLABALOO
lubritorium

HAMMERBOX
s-t

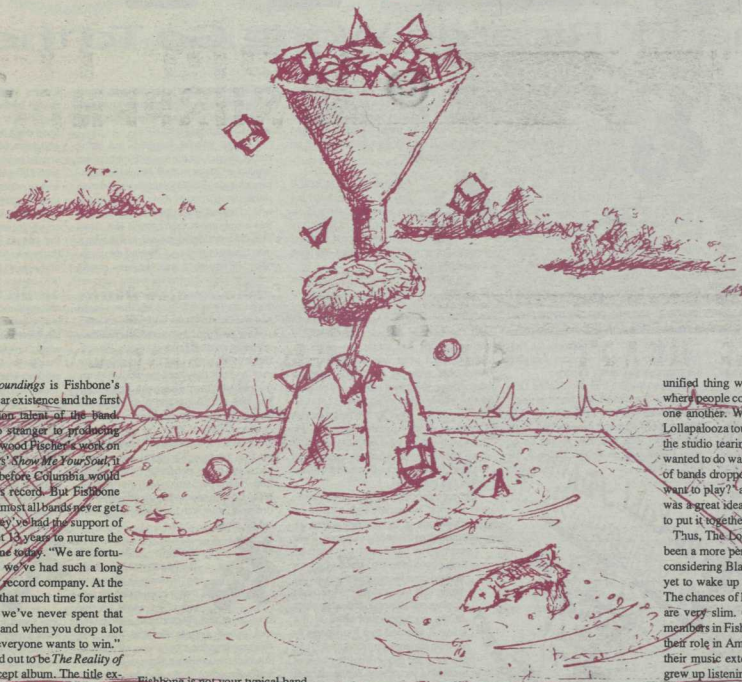
C/Z records

DEADSPOT
BUILT-IN PAIN

available in all formats

FISHBONE

by Paul "Scooter" Brooks and Mike "Mofo" McClean



The Reality of My Surroundings is Fishbone's sixth release in their 13 year existence and the first showcasing the production talent of the band. Although the band is no stranger to producing Artists, most notably Norwood Fischer's work on The Red Hot Chili Peppers' *Show Me Your Soul*, it took a lot of convincing before Columbia would let Fishbone produce their record. But Fishbone was given a chance that almost all bands never get. Since their conception they've had the support of a major label, and the past 13 years to nurture the band to what it has become today. "We are fortunate in that respect, that we've had such a long relationship with a major record company. At the same time, no one takes that much time for artist development, ever. But we've never spent that much money, until now, and when you drop a lot of money into a project everyone wants to win."

That final product turned out to be *The Reality of My Surroundings*: a concept album. The title explains the concept. *Reality* has a much narrower focus than Fishbone's previous albums and packs a bitter dose of philosophical irony on society. Why a concept album for only their third full-length release? Why not would probably be a better question. Fishbone proved it could be done even with a repertoire of songs that were conceived as much as 10 years ago. But just because Fishbone have gotten somewhat serious with their latest release does not mean they've become prudes. "We've always used satire in our music," says Jones, "but this time we decided to ease back a little bit on that and let people hear something that grates the ear a little. I don't think it was intentional although we conceptualized this record before we made it. We're still a party band... but it's a conscious, party." We're not an ignorant party. What would Chuck (D, Public Enemy) say, 'Party for your right to fight'."

And party they do indeed, which was witnessed on their debut The Commodors and their appearance at the Lollapalooza Festival. Although Fishbone has been touring as a headliner for the past 3 months, in support of *The Reality of My Surroundings*, they decided to hookup with the Perry Farrell's (Jane's Addiction) art-vehicle brainchild, The Lollapalooza Festival. Joining the ranks of Siouxsie and the Banshees, Ice-T, Henry Rollins, Violent Femmes and Jane's Addiction, Fishbone take over the last leg of the tour where Living Colour, Nine Inch Nails and The Butthole Surfers left off. Although Fishbone only toured up the West coast with the festival, from Dallas to Seattle, they relished the opportunity to participate in this musical mosaic.

James explains, "Perry just wanted a culturally unified thing where it was just an environment where people could come in peace and learn from one another. When Perry asked us (to join the Lollapalooza tour) back in January we were still in the studio tearing out hair out. The last thing we wanted to do was think about a tour. After a couple of bands dropped out Perry said, 'Hey, you guys want to play?' and we said, 'Yeah, we'll do it.' It was a great idea and I'm glad Perry had the juice to put it together."

Thus, The Lollapalooza Festival couldn't have been a more perfect vehicle for Fishbone to ride, considering Black Radio in the United States has yet to wake up and admit they are white owned. The chances of hearing Fishbone after Vanilla Ice are very slim. Cultural diversity? Well, with 7 members in Fishbone whom are very observant of their role in American culture, their influences in their music extend much further than what they grew up listening to.

"Obviously, the mentality of African culture in America is a big influence on Fishbone. The difference is we have respect for everyone's culture whereas very few people have respect for ours. We just want people to know that when you wear the red, black and green that does not mean you steamroll over everyone else's culture. It means that you respect and admire the differences of everyone else while being proud in the heritage of your own."

Most recently, Fishbone have collaborated with film maker, Spike Lee, on Lee's new film on the life of Malcolm X. Although Fishbone are no strangers to the silver screen, with appearances in *Back to the Beach* and *Tapeheads*, they do not appear on screen this time. However, the band is doing work on a compilation album to which all proceeds will be going to the United Negro College Fund to be released on Spike Lee's new record label, 40 Acres and a Mule. Look for a release on Malcolm X's birthday in 1992 for all of you hardcore filleters.

Fishbone is not your typical band

But then how do you define a typical band? Well, if you were ever burdened with this task, Fishbone wouldn't even exist as an antonym.

If there was one band in this entire world that it would be a felony to pigeonhole, it would be Fishbone for they would have been incarnated in the body of Charles Manson.

So, the obvious question pursed on everybody's lips is how does this band stay so diverse and avoid the latest common denominators of musical categorization?

"I think what we do is play all these different styles basically the same way we listen to them," signifies Kendall Jones, the guitarist for Fishbone. "A lot of bands are limited because they set aside time to vien their kids, time aside to make love to their wives and they're programmed their musical way. We don't give listeners that choice. We don't give them what they want, we give them what they deserve."

Whether you think your deserve it or not is irrelevant because if you have to think about it you have been force-fed the pablum of pop culture for far too long.

NEW Y

Rowena 'n' Ricardo Wong Go To the Big Ap

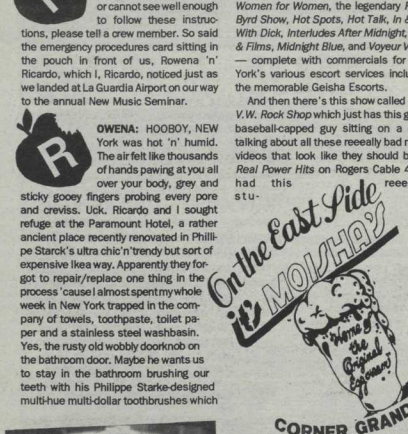
SITTING IN THEIR EASY chairs placed side by side on the verandah of their house overlooking the back yard of Mr. Dolores' place are Rowena and Ricardo Wong. Having just spent several days in the Big Apple taking in the New Music Seminar and other sights, these two worldwise vacationers are eager to tell me about their trip to New York.

RICARDO: "IF YOU ARE sitting in an exit row and you cannot read this card or cannot see well enough to follow these instructions, please tell a crew member. So said the emergency procedures card sitting in the pouch in front of us, Rowena 'n' Ricardo, which I, Ricardo, noticed just as we landed at La Guardia Airport on our way to the annual New Music Seminar.

OWENA: HOOBOY, NEW York was hot 'n' humid. The air felt like thousands of hands pawing at you all over your body, grey and sticky gooey fingers probing every pore and creviss. Uck. Ricardo and I sought refuge at the Paramount Hotel, a rather ancient place recently renovated in Phillipe Starck's ultra chic'n'trendy but sort of expensive Ikea way. Apparently they forgot to repair/replace one thing in the process 'cause I almost spent my whole week in New York trapped in the company of towels, toothpaste, toilet paper and a stainless steel washbasin. Yes, the rusty old wobbly doorknob on the bathroom door. Maybe he wants us to stay in the bathroom brushing our teeth with his Philippe Starke-designed multi-hue multi-dollar toothbrushes which Ricardo and I had forgotten to bring with us.

RICARDO: THAT WASN'T the only thing we forgot, was it, Rowena? We, Rowena 'n' Ricardo, also forgot to bring our VCR because there were some verrry interesting things on the commercial/community access cable channel after midnight. Just think. We could have brought home with us vids that you would never see on Rogers Cable 4. Imagine shows with names like *Beyond Fury: Psychic Blond Fury, Byrd's Women for Women*, the legendary *Robin Byrd Show, Hot Spots, Hot Talk, In & Out With Dick, Interludes After Midnight, Men & Films, Midnight Blue*, and *Voyeur Vision* — complete with commercials for New York's various escort services including the memorable Geisha Escorts.

And then there's this show called *Larry V.W. Rock Shop* which just has this geeky baseball-capped guy sitting on a chair talking about all these reeeally bad metal videos that look like they should be on *Real Power Hits* on Rogers Cable 4. He had this reeeeally stupid metal-guy voice which was bad enough, but then you got to see what he actually looked like and that seemed to make it worse. And then there was the problem with this guy not liking gay people which he kept on repeating.



OWENA: I'LL REMEMBER staying up late watching the wonderful *Patty Duke Show* on Nick at Nite every night after going out and seeing some nightlife! Hooboy, we saw alot of nightlife!

One night we went to the Ritz which is a Broadway theatre-turned-rock-palace, to see Einsturzende Neubauten with Cabaret Voltaire and Front Line Assembly. Bill Leeb and Co. opened the evening off with a rather lengthy set for an opening act. Forget about what was said about the Vancouver show at Graceland being a major disappointment etc; I found nothing really different performance-wise between the two shows, save for the fact that FLA was more or less jammed into the tiny Graceland stage, offering Mr. Leeb little room to maneuver, whereas the football field-like Ritz stage actually made the group look a tad miniscule.

Between bands, the club displayed several loooong industrial-dance videos on the triumvirate of video screens that descended from the ceiling. However, there were no "I've fallen, and I can't get up" sequences between videos which my second-cousin-once-removed Ansjel Wong told me last year drew much applause and cheering from the parts of the audience that were in the know; it seemed that the videos by German supergroup (ubergroup?) Laibach were the new in-thing to cheer at in a mocking sort of way. Especially that classic "Life Is Life" video. Ah, yes, the audience's reaction to Laibach was something that you can only dream about reading in *Spy*, or in *Details* when it was cool. Is this what being cool is?

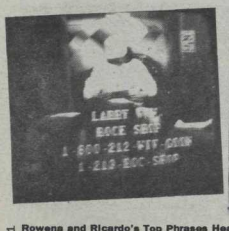
Cabaret Voltaire followed, but being rather short, I couldn't see them bopping around on stage in their nice white Euro-rapper duds. Ricardo said they did dance rather cutely, though. Alot of house-y stuff, which I honestly found more interesting in this environment than I found FLA. They also did a rather lengthy set, but maybe it was the heat that was making me impatient. Or maybe it was the very strong smell of clove cigarettes being smoked around me. Anyway, I was relieved when they were finished, because then I could see the band that we had come to see.

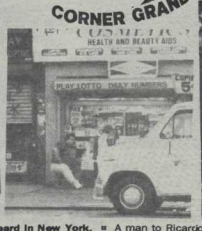
After an agonizingly long set of videos including another one by Laibach, Einsturzende Neubauten took the stage and for over an hour they kept the audience entranced with their dissonant, violent, aggressive art. Guitar and bass feedback were layered with percussion involving chains, pipes, a saw and even a wire grocery cart in a very visual performance. Hooboy, things were screechy and squacky and noisy! It was wonderful! Except for Mr. Curly Haired Percussion Man with the New Wave Do who seemed to think he was Mr. Universe, what with his flexing and preening on stage.

RICARDO: HOW ABOUT The Academy? It's another Broadway Theatre that's been basically gutted of its seats on the lower level and injected with a muscular rock sound system like the Ritz. The Academy was the site for one stop of the Buzzcocks reunion tour. Nova Mob opened, and seemed to make the few hundred there happy except me. I was bored. Playing stuff from their album (on Rough Trade, so I don't know where they hell it's from now) which in itself does not incite one to hop up and down, at least Mr. Hart and Co. should have let us sit on chairs or something. After a dreadful nigh-on-an-hour delay in setting up on the massive stage which seemed much larger than the Orpheum's in Vancouver (or were they just waiting for the crowd to get bigger?), the Buzzcocks took stage, and proceeded to do to the crowd what Coast 800 seems to be doing to Vancouver: making them very happy playing their old punk-rock cum pop hits plus their (some say) weaker stuff from their recent EP. Everyone left with a smile and a slightly wistful "remember when" kind of look on their faces. Definitely a return to the good old days of yore though oddly placed in the midst of a new music convention.

OWENA: T'S WERE $20 and had the dates of the American tour on the back, all twelve or so. I bought one of 'em. I mean, what the heck I forgot to buy one when I was ten. It smelled like the subway... an exhausty heavy oily reek... and Ricardo hadn't even worn it yet.

ICARDO: THEN THERE was the night that we saw the Velvet Crush, the 360's, Venus Beads, Yo La Tengo, Das Damen, Urge Overkill and Unrest all in one night! What a night of guitar-based rock 'n' roll! We started things off at a very early hour at the Marquee, a club on the Lower West Side that is almost shaped like a huger Luv-a-Fair, only this place had an airplane





Rowena and Ricardo's Top Phrases Heard in New York. ▪ A man to Ricardo who's drinking through a straw a canned beverage that's hidden in a paper bag: "Can I have some of that? Oh, it's only soda." ▪ a Chinese restaurant on Houston Street: "Can I sit down here?" "Yeah, siddown 'dere." ▪ Child and parent in the United Nations lobby: "I don't wanna go on the tour!" "You have to go on the tour. That's why we came upon finding out Ricardo's from Vancouver: "Gastown! They ran me out of Gastown." ▪ Man outside a strip club on Broadway trying to drum up business: "Ladies on stage, guys and gals. Six overheated women one end to the other end of the subway station at Lexington and 60th Street: "Man, it's a lousy world. It's hell. I can tell by the smell." ▪ Man to Ricardo walking down Broadway by 43rd Street: "Yo, China. Yo, China. Ma ▪ Waiter to a tourist family at Howard Johnson's dining room on the corner of 46th and Broadway where they sell Travellin' Taffy by the boxload in both ice cream and tropical fruit flavours and where they in huge print "15% gratuity not included": "You know Haagen-Daz don't you? You're from Holland, aren't you? Oh, y'know I think it's made in New Jersey." ▪ Walking around New York, it seems no one looks at an anybody it's a wonder why there are so many sidewalk salespeople/handbillers: "Hi, my name is Colleen and I'm with— Hey! You're not even listening! Be nice!" ▪ Waiter to Ricardo at a restaurant where Rica himself down at a booth: "Hey, let me do that. Wha', do you want my job?" ▪ Man walking along in Greenwich Village waving a fully-extended Swiss Army Knife in front of him like a flag, yelling, "Hey! Right-he

Rowe
Becaus
Pa
- Tropicana O
- Moksha's fa chocolate s
- Snapple soc a hard time
- Yoo-hoo choc tie, carbo
- Moksha's La that tastes sle.
- Ginseng Up.

/ORK!

ople and Take a Bite — *by Ida J. Latham*

na's Top Beverages
e Ricardo Only Drank
oi (How Boring)
range Juice with Extra Chunky Bits
g! Cream made with real U-Bet
uice.
as in so many flavours that I had
finding the same one twice.
colate drink available in can, bot-
nd even syrup.
ne Rickey, a strange concoction
something like an alcoholic ginger

sticking its nose into the roof of the building. Inside, the bright early evening sky shone into the skylights and made for a very unclublike atmosphere, which was probably the reason why so few people were on hand to watch the Velvet Crush open the night. They played a short but enjoyable set with a youthful quasi-innocent exuberance kind of like Love Battery had. After a very short time — ie, only a few videos later — the 360's came on before a much larger crowd and sure made me want to go out and buy their debut album. But then the Venus Beads quickly followed and made me very happy that I had bought their album and had listened to it intently beforehand, because of all three bands, the Venus Beads were the most memorable. Their set included almost all the songs off their album, and nothing was lost in the translation from studio to live. Very lively on stage, their guitarist caught my eye the most; he was this cute fellow like the guy in the Smugglers who ran and jumped about like he was on a frying pan, whether he was playing a solo or not.

We left right after the Venus Beads finished their set and before Birdland took the stage, 'cause we wanted to hightail it to CBGB on the opposite side of town to see the Matador showcase night with Urge Overkill, Unrest, Unsane and Superchunk. We got their just in time to see Urge Overkill finish off their set before an appreciative, jampacked crowd that filled the narrow, claustrophobic, extremely hot 'n' humid club. Really, though, we were too far away from the stage to see them 'cause I thought it would be best to sit somewhere and breathe rather than to stand and faint, which is why I can't really say anything about the rest of the bands either except to say that they sounded like their records.

We left before Superchunk came on and headed for Das Damen and Yo La Tengo at the Knitting Factory, which is just around the corner from CBGB. The Knitting Factory is this really cool little room with no rock 'n' roll lighting but instead indirect display lighting illuminating the artwork on the walls. There's no stage to speak of, and everybody stands on the floor so Rowena, being the short person she is, couldn't see much. But Yo La Tengo really didn't need to be seen so much as they needed to be heard. Just a duo this time, they were subtle and quiet, true saviours of the eardrums. Just the kind of thing to end off an night of loud rock 'n' roll action.

OWENA: HOW ABOUT the Sub Pop overdose we experienced? For a label that is only two hours away from us, we sure got alot of it thousands of miles away. There were two major Sub Pop nights during our stay. One entitled "Sub Pop and Friends Presents" was at the Marquee again where Codeine, Reverend Horton Heat, Afghan Whigs, Pearl Jam and Beasts of Bourbon gave the very Sub Pop-crazy crowd (Jonathan Poneman was the most loudly applauded panelist at one of the indie seminars) a hefty shot of The Seattle Sound, even though more than a couple of the bands aren't from Seattle. I've never seen so many Sub Pop T-shirts in one room in my entire life, and I don't think they were even selling any at the club. Plus they were very liberal with the Sub Pop videos on the video screen between sets.

Two nights later, we found ourselves gingerly stepping aboard a boat called the Frying Pan for the Sub Pop/Touch & Go/Island party featuring Pegboy, Didjits, Reverend Horton Heat, Codeine, Hinterland and Urge Overkill. Moored next to an aircraft carrier turned into a museum off of 46th Street on the Hudson River, where you could have a gorgeous view of the brown, smoggy shore of New Jersey, or an even more gorgeous view of the browner, smoggier horizon down the river with the sun setting in all it's brown splendour. The Frying Pan is a twice-sunken-once-condemned-but-now-raised vessel (with barnacles and rust stuck to the inside walls to prove it).

Needless to say, the Frying Pan suffered from a severe case of perspiration on the lower level where the bands were playing, making for a very soggy precarious environment. At least three times the generator went out, throwing the boat into darkness and the boatload into a puzzled Jagermeister-induced silence. What else could one do but clamber up the ladder to the upper deck, grab another Jagermeister and eavesdrop on industry execs ("A friend of mine is in the frozen meat industry." "Yeah? Mine, too.")? Of course some other folks took advantage of this lull in party-action to go wait in line to use the perpetually plugged toilets. Ricardo overheard while in line: "Mind the smell in there. I didn't cause that smell. I only contributed to it." The toilets were equitably separated according to gender, but some guys couldn't wait, and rather than pee overboard like a sign invited, decided to invade the "women's."

Rick from the Didjits came up to me, "Can I ask you a question? I don't mean to impose, but why are you here? I mean, you could ask *me* the same question. I just wanted to know. I'm just trying to find somebody who'll just say, "It's a party, I'm just here." Everybody here seems to be with something." Apparently, the Didjits and Pegboy were supposed to be playing the same night somewhere in Philadelphia, which meant that they were supposed to leave pronto after their sets on the boat and truck it on over to Pennsylvania. Somehow it seems more appealing to be playing on a sunken ship than it is to be playing in Philadelphia. But before leaving, with a beer in hand, Rick reached into his furry coat-thing and pulled out a single, saying, "Do you want this? I don't know why I have it. Somebody came up to me and gave it to me but I don't know what to do with it. Here." That single now has a happy home at CiTR. As we were leaving, a woman followed us off the boat and up the dock to dry land and the highway.

ICARDO: I THINK SHE had too much Jagermeister, 'cause she said, "Are you going that way? I'm trying to figure out if I'm being stupid walking down this street alone. Can I walk with you?"

OWENA: AND THEN there's Bongwater at CBGB. A show so inspiring, it moved me to write a poem:

The guitarist looked like J. B. Hohm.
The drummer looked like Linda Hunt.
Kramer looked like Kevin Smith.
Ann Magnussen drinked like a fish.

ICARDO: BUT WAIT! Who's J.B. Hohm? Who's Linda Hunt? Who's Kevin Smith? Fish don't drink. Hey! Who turned off the water? I thought the Bongwater show was the most memorable one of all. It started off with Kramer setting up and then Ann Magnussen came onstage with some pieces of paper and started drinking. And then the band started playing VERY LOUDLY, so loudly that my sweaty shorts vibrated. In a manner kinda like King Missile's John S. Hall, Ann Magnussen's lyrics have that spontaneous air about them that is sorta made transparent because it's being performed like it appears on record. Nonetheless, it was truly magical to hear material from all their albums, plus their encore which they dedicated to ACT-UP. But does Ann Magnussen ever drink! She must have downed five bottles in the set. Plus she changed her wigs and clothes several times, sorta like keeping track of how much she was drinking. Memorable moments? Actually hearing live performances of "Chicken Pussy," "The Power of Pussy," and that one in a Chinese language that is on the *Double Bummer* CD, all while Ann Magnussen was referring to and reading from various pieces of paper and books that she had with her.

Needless to say, we left after they finished because, well, we were finished too.

Ricardo's Top Food Items

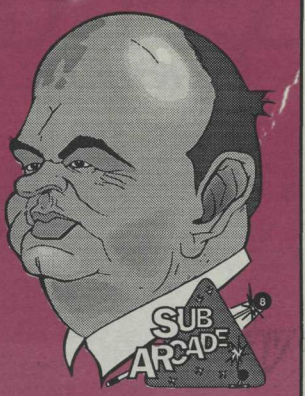
- Tomato, mozzarella and basil on challah at some eatery on Amsterdam.
- Potato knish with two kinds of mustard served by a street vendor outside the United Nations.
- Moisha's potato latkes served with a nice big bowl of apple sauce. I personally prefer sour cream, but it came with apple sauce and Norma brought them out.
- Black bean soup as dark as chocolate puddin' and served with oyster crackers as big as ping pong balls and just as hard.
- Moisha's Chopped Liver and Bacon Sandwich which is the size of half a ham it seems.

▪ Customer and waiter at here." ▪ Man to Ricardo n." ▪ Man walking from orwanna. Mayorwanna." er-so-discreetly scrawl in body and no one talks to ndo had proceeded to sit re! Knives! Five dollars!"

Rowena and Ricardo's Sundry Other Memories ▪ Seeing Joey Ramone standing alone and looking very confused by the NMS info booth. ▪ Being almost run down by Professor X and his X Clan marching down Broadway. ▪ Really seeing dog walkers at 6pm around Greenwich Village. ▪ Being able to walk into a clothing store in Greenwich Village at 2am and look at shirts and dresses. ▪ Actually seeing people picking stuff at 3am from the corner store's fifty-item steam tables/salad bars full of stainless steel trays of everything from maki-zushi and potato salad to fried chicken wings and lasagna, all served in 90-degree heat. ▪ Buying my $0.99 glass jar of Fluff that Ricardo so considerately proceeded to drop on the hotel room floor. My, does it swell up when exposed to air. I was cross with him for a while, but now I would like to make a percolating Fluff lamp complete with sparkly glass bits. New York certainly is a catalyst for artistic inspiration. ▪ Seeing men four or five to the block selling gold watches out of attache cases. ▪ Having to ring the doorbell to get into some shops because they don't want to leave the door unlocked. ▪ Walking in Time Square at 2am with all the big neon signs turned off. ▪ Propina Es Parte Des Nuestra Profito. Sea Generoso.

UBC Student Union Building
Lower Concourse
All Ages Welcome

Some games are easier to play than others... comrade!



CLUB SODA

METAL MONDAYS
Sept. 2nd CELEBRITY SKIN, DOSE PUMP, LOVE JUNCTION, CHARLES ON CHARGES.
Sept. 9th FROM NEW YORK: INTRUDER, ARAGATHOR, STONE THE CROW
Sept. 16th SACRIFICE, CAUSTIC THOUGHT, THE AXIS, KNOW IDEA
Sept. 23rd MALHOLVIC, WOMB SERVICE, PLUS GUESTS
Sept. 30th FAKE IT, BIG TIME, FALSE WITNESS, PLUS GUESTS.

ALTERNATIVE TUESDAYS
Sept. 3rd JUICE MONKEYS, GORILLA GORILLA, DOGZILLA, IT
Sept. 10th DEAD SURF KISS, CULTURE SHOCK, DRUNKNOWN, SYCOTIC IAMNATION
Sept. 17th Capitol Recording Artists THUNDER
Sept. 24th TBA

1055 HOMER 681-8202

DJ SOUNDWAR CHAPTER II

BY ADAM SLOAN

Uh, so you're wondering "what tha hell is a DJ Soundwar?" Well git this y'all. Let's go way, way, way, way back before Shaft with a mic in the Mack, oops, I mean to the year 1990, A.D. around June, when things were starting to come together for the now legendary DJ Soundwar, chapter one. It was the product of a few hard-workin' members of this here radio station CiTR, who wanted to provide an outlet for local rappers, DJ's rap crews, and dancers to work it out in front of an audience. It all culminated in two frenzied days of activity, August 31 and September 1 with all the hippest hip-hop addicts in Vancouver checkin' out what was goin' down in their own city. There were also a few imports from Seattle and even farther down the American coast, doin' their dang for the prizes and the fun. A good time was had by all, no doubt! Looking back, it wasn't really important who won, as everybody that entered won by finding out that they weren't alone and friendships were struck everywhere.

Chapter II should give us the opportunity to see some new Vancouver rap talent, as well as being able to check out how last year's contestants have progressed. As well, this year promises more prizes for contestants and the audience, a large video screen, and the first-ever Graffiti Clash. There will also be a DJ equipment exhibition with tons of the latest mixers, turntables, and a few demonstrations by MR. Control from MuchMusic Extendamix.

So if you're down with rap, you just gotta be at the SUB Ballroom out here at U.B.C., 6pm Saturday September 14 and Sunday, September 15 for CiTR DJ Soundwar Chapter II, along with thousands of other people chillin' to da hip-hop beat. Awright, I'll see ya there. I'm outta here y'all.

DJ SOUND WAR CHAPTER TWO

CiTR'S RAP AND DANCE COMPETITION

SAT. SEPT. 14 & SUN SEPT. 15

SUB BALLROOM, UBC

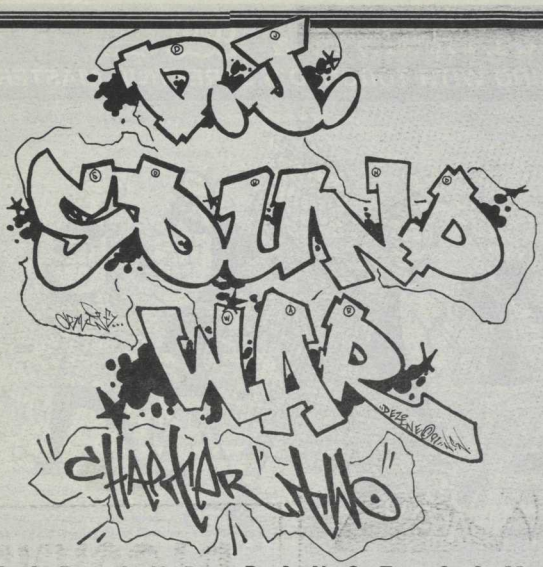
RULES

RULES FOR DANCERS
-dancers may compete individually or in teams
-dancers will supply a music track of a maximum of 5 minutes on cassette or record
-dancers will be judged on technique, timing, originality, presentation and audience response

RULES FOR MCS
-MCs will compete individually in elimination rounds until a winner is declared
-contestants may use any rhythm or backing track they wish in the first round (up to a max. of 5min.)
-in successive rounds, MCs will be required to perform to rhythm tracks of 60 to 90 seconds in duration decided by the judges (each MC will have a choice of hip-hop, house or dance hall style backing tracks in each round)
-MCs will be judged on delivery, lyrical content, originality and audience response.

RULES FOR DJS
-DJs will compete individually in elimination rounds until a winner is declared
-DJs will perform in rounds of 90 seconds to 3 minutes in length as decided by the judges
-DJs must use the supplied turntables and mixer
-DJs may use tapes and other sound sources but must supply a list of equipment to be used which will be approved or revised by the judges as they see fit
-DJs will be judged on technique, timing, originality and audience responsse

RULES FOR CREWS
-crew entries must comprise of at least two of the three other categories
-crews will perform one set of 7-10 minutes in duration
-crews will be judged on performance, originality and audience response



CiTR'S RAP AND DANCE COMPETITION

SAT. SEPT. 14 & SUN. SEPT.15

SUB BALLROOM, UBC

HOSTED BY EARL THE PEARL

SHOW STARTS AT 6 PM COME EARLY & WIN PRIZES

NATIONAL SOUND DJ & NIGHTCLUB EXHIBITION OPENS AT 2:00 PM - ALL EQUIPMENT 10-40 % OFF

3:00, 4:00 & 5:00: MR CONTROL FROM MUCH MUSIC EXTENDAMIX W-30 RAP AND DANCE REMIX DEMO

GRAFFITI CLASH: NOON TO 6:00 PM

SPONSORED BY:

NATIONAL SOUND

Profile Studio

STREET SOUND

Rhythm Zone

Fluid Sound Studios Productions

CREATION STUDIOS

Roland

gemini

Tommy Boy

JBL

UREI Electronic Products

Numark PRO

3M

Odyssey Imports

Nastymix

PWL Records

PolyGram

Nettwerk

Delicious Vinyl

Sony Music

West Indies Records & Tapes

MCA Records

Warner Music Canada

GRSD Records

A&M Records

CiTR 101.9 fm & CO-OP 102.7 Roots Radio

PRESENT AN EVENING WITH TORONTO'S STREETNIK MASTERS OF BOP-RAP

THE SHUFFLE DEMONS

With Special Guests Roots Round-Up

THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 26TH

Doors 8pm

Tickets available at:
All TICKETMASTER locations, Eaton's and Infocentres in Major Malls and all the regular outlets or... **charge by phone at 280-4444**

The Fabulous COMMODORE
870 Granville Mall

WALKING WOUNDED are a five piece rock'n'roll band from Hollywood. I was supposed to talk to them before the August 9th show but they had the border guard blues and I had a baby migraine, so after waiting an hour I went to White Spot with my beau and had the Soup of the Day (broccoli and cheddar) and a side order of coleslaw. Feeling somewhat revived, we headed over to the Commodore. Robynn had given me their new release, *Hard Times*, in the hopes that I would interview them. After giving the tape a few listens I had decided that they were pretty good, I liked the second side better than the first, but I wasn't in love. It came as a surprise then, that as we were going up the steps of the Commodore, I began to run, dragging my boyfriend, because I could hear strains of "Sarah" and didn't want to miss it. They played a lively set, I danced and sang along and finally chatted with them afterwards. We talked about borders, Bob's Your Uncle and boxer shorts. Jerry has a great voice, was very hospitable, and even gave me a beer. Maybe I do love them after all.

voices:
Discorder (that's me)
Jerry Giddens (vocals, acoustic guitar)
Louis (new bass guitarist, didn't catch his last name)
Kent Earl Housman (electric guitar, vocals)
Tom Lillestol (percussion, vocals)
?—mystery man (new drummer)

Discorder: You had some problems at the border, I hear.

Jerry: Whoah, golly! Yeah, we had a lot of problems. They seized our equipment truck and we had to pay to get it back—I felt like I was in Mississippi, you know where the guy goes, "Give me a few dollars and I'll let you cross." So uh, yeah it was—I think there's some sort of war going on between the United States and Canada now [about] letting musicians in and out.

DIS: What's it like in Hollywood? Are you overshadowed by movie stars?

J: Uh yeah—I guess overshadowed might be the right word. it's one of the strangest places I've ever lived and I'm not sure I will ever get over it. Actually, I just kind of moved out in the mountains—for the first time in fifteen years [I'm] not living in the city. I kinda feel like a country rural guy again.

DIS: Originally you're from Louisiana?

J: Yeah—from the country. I feel so at home when I drive through these woods up here.

DIS: Is CiTR the first Canadian radio station you've talked to?

J: Certainly on this tour. On the last tour, for Raging Winds of Time, we had—what's the big station out in Victoria? Q102 or something—I can't remember who it was. They played a little of our last record, and actually we got some play around Canada but our record company kind of dropped the ball and nothing ever happened. But you're the first one on the Hard Times tour. Yes, ma'am.

DIS: Well, we'll give you lots of airplay.

J: Good, good. Which song do you like?

DIS: I guess it's a tie between—

J: Do you like "Sarah"?

DIS: "Sarah" and—what's the last one?

J: "Saddled By Idiot"s?

DIS: Yes!

J: You like "Saddled By Idiots"?

DIS: I like "Saddled By Idiots".

J: Oh, I thought no one would like that. I almost didn't put it on the record.

DIS: No, I liked it. I liked having the pub sounds in the background.

J: Yeah. Those are sound effects—it's terrible—but we did it. It wasn't really live but I've played many shows where it was equally as devastating. But yeah, a lot of people mention that song—I thought no one would really check it out. (Actually, my favourite song is "Broken Spirits," which provided the title for this article, but in the stress and excitement of my first interview, my memory failed me.)

DIS: Have you ever heard of your labelmates Bob's Your Uncle?

J: Oh! Were they here tonight? What's the lead singer's name?

DIS: Sook-Yin Lee.

J: We love her. When we were doing this record, we were thinking about signing to Doctor Dream and they had done this billboard ad with her picture on it. We hung the picture up in the studio, and I'd go "Look at this fine woman and play this song." Don't tell her that. Actually, I met her for like, five seconds. They'd just done their show at the Monterey—she's marvellous—and I walked up to her—they were playing our record on the PA, I'm sure she didn't know who I was and I'm going "This record is for you. The whole band looked at your picture"—and she's going (makes "who is this guy?" face)

DIS: You wrote "Loneliest Road" for the Beat Farmers. Have you done anything else with them?

J: I did a solo record a couple of years ago, an acoustic kind of thing and the Beat Farmers wanted Walking Wounded to open some shows. Walking Wounded couldn't do it but Jerry Giddens could. So after about three gigs, Country Dick goes "I thought you had a fuckin' band" and I go "No, no, no, that's the point. I don't have a band." So I got to know them through that and I just think they're some of the best people in the business and they are great musicians.

DIS: Yeah, they're a lot of fun. I saw them a couple months ago here.

J: Those are songwriters right there—and Country Dick, he's always on (in the background, "Praise the Lord!").

DIS: Every single article I read mentions Bob Dylan as an influence. Any extra comment required there?

J: I love Bob Dylan. I think he's the best living American poet and if I could write one song as good as any of his, I'd feel like I was a good songwriter. He's the best. I don't give a shit about his personal life, I just like his songs. I don't think they're prophetic either, I just think they're great. I love Bob Dylan.(laughs)

DIS: We love Bob! (choruses of "Bob!" in background)

J: Of course, I'm not the only one.

DIS: Your press release makes some comment about you being "quintessentially American rock'n'roll". What makes you so American and so quintessential? Do you actually feel American—do you feel very American, as opposed to me feeling very Canadian?

J: No. No, no. I'm not very much of a nationalist person. I actually think that we all ought to be one country. But it is a source of pride. I really feel that America bred rock'n'roll. Rock'n'roll started there. The problem is that we don't have the best rock'n'roll bands any more. The best rock'n'roll bands are from Australia and Canada and England. I really believe in an arrogant sort of way that we're one of the great rock'n'roll bands in America right now—because the rest of them are doing horseshit music. Bands like The Paladins, thank god for them and Dave Alvin and these folks 'cause you know we don't do the music for money and we don't do it for the clothes, we don't dress up—we play rock'n'roll. And we do what music is supposed to do for a community, at least, we hope we do. When people ask me, I always say we're an American band because I feel that groups place [i.e. identify?] with American musicians but in a sense, I pray that we're a universal band. And I think that our songs are kind of universal. As I was introducing the song that was in Gallup, New Mexico I realized how American my perspective is, for better or for worse. But I love Canada. God, I almost lived here—almost ran away from the draft and came and joined you folks.

You know Jesse Winchester?

DIS: Yeah.

J: He was one of my original influences and I would love to meet Jesse Winchester one day. I almost had to follow him up here—but many years later.

DIS: (to the rest of the band) Anything you guys want to say? Tom: (Pee Wee Herman imitation)

J: No, don't do any Pee Wee humour. This is Tom and Louis—Louis is one of the newest members of Walking Wounded.

Louis: I just want to say that I thank the Lord for beautiful women like you.

DIS: (laugh) But they can't see me on the radio.

J: Well, they can now. With that description, god!

L: They don't need to.

J: And Tom, what do you want to say?

DIS: I'm happy to be alive.

H: One last question. There was a comment in one of the articles I got that the Nineties [for us] might be something like the Thirties were for your parents' generation. Do you really feel that pessimistic?

J: I certainly did when I wrote the songs [on Hard Times]. My concern is that for eight out of ten Americans life is well and they don't feel like that. And I'm one of those people, I'm very blessed. Me and Louis were talking about this earlier. In fact, no matter what troubles we had crossing the border—

L: Very minor, very, very minor.

J: We're still blessed—humans first, and musicians second. As hard as this is sometimes, there are tons of musicians who wish they were in our shoes. In this country, two out every ten people are havin' hard times—

L: More than that—

J: At least. Four out every ten American children go to bed hungry. American children! This is insane! And I just feel that no matter how good it gets for eight out of us, if two of us aren't doing well, than none of us are doing well. We ought to be taking care of these children. You all have a national health system here, which is incredible. You don't know how lucky you are! In the United States—

DIS: You just pray you don't get sick.

J: We pray we don't get sick! I have two kids, I'm a grown man and I worry—it's just incredible. It's just insane. The richest country in the world and we can't help the poorest among us stay healthy, we can't feed the children in this country—this country? here we are in Canada!—

DIS: We've got hungry children here in Canada, too. But the health system does help a lot.

J: And don't let them bastards take it away from you. You've got to fight for that shit. We could have had it in this country fifteen years ago, and we all backed down,—this country? We could've had it in the United States. See, I feel at home here—

DIS: Well, that's fine. I know what you mean.

J: Yeah, but I don't want to be some asshole American. That's the last thing—

She'll probably put that, "We don't want to be asshole Americans"

DIS: That can be the title of your next song.

J: "Asshole American". After that border guard I met, it may be "Asshole Canadian". I'm lookin' at this guy, goin' "You must have learned your shit from some American fuckhead." They just treated us like shit. There was no reason. We were totally being up front a thousand percent—

T: I was wearing my boxer shorts.

J: I don't like to lie, y'know, so I don't carry my pot across the border. So I don't lie! I think it's terrible that the United States is hassling Canadian musicians too. You know, there are Irish musicians who can't get here [like Dick Gaughan]. We can't see these bands! Bob's Your Uncle had a little problem, but there were a couple other bands from Canada that had a lot of problems gettin' down there and I can't remember who it was. There shouldn't even be borders. I mean, Canada and the United States, what the fuck for?! Why? Why's the border there? We're the same, it's all the same shit. I'm ready to just open the borders from Chile all the way up to Alaska. Just let people go. You know there are Indian tribes that lived in an area of the world for thousands of years, and we came and we built a fence across it, and we said that's Mexico and this is the United States.

You all have a huge Indian—Native Canadian population. What are the natives known as here? Eskimos?

DIS: No. They're usually just called Native Indians, the indigenous people [today, I would say First Nations]. Further up north, you have the Inuit.

L: How long have you been here?

DIS: I've lived in Canada all my life. I was born in Alberta—

J: You and Neil. We love Neil Young. . . I love Bruce Cockburn. "If I Had a Rocket Launcher" is still one of my favourite songs—I wish I had written that song. But I didn't. But if I had a rocket launcher today, baby! We'd have blown up some custom houses!

L: This is Kent, our guitar player. Kent, say a few words.

Kent: abbb bbbb aaaa bbbb abbb bbbb aaaa bbbb

And on that obscure note, we said goodbye.

SUBSCRIBE
To Discorder Magazine

$15 CDN (in Canada),
$15 US (in the States),
$24 (everywhere else).
Discorder c/o CiTR UBC Radio,
6138 SUB Boulevard, Vancouver, BC,
CANADA, V6T 2A5.

good news praise him hallelujah good news praise him hallelujah GOOD NEWS!!!

FREE SNOT OF JESUS

BOOGERS OF OUR LORD & MESSIAH

SCIENTIFIC FACT! *JESUS "CHRIST"*

BIBLICAL PROOF! *LORD OF LORDS!*

SCIENCE PROVEN! SCRIPTURAL PROOF!

SEND FIVE DOLLAR LOVE GIFT TO
INTERNATIONAL SECULAR ATAVISM
IN CANADA: P.O. BOX 1776 STN."A" VANCOUVER, B.C. V6C-2P7
IN U.S.A.: P.O. BOX 69243, PORTLAND, OREGON, 97201

©1991

SCIENTIFIC FACT! SCIEN-TERRRIFFIC FACT!!! SCIENCE PROVEN!

FOR FREE STICKERS OF THIS AD SEND A S.A.S.E.

STUDENTS - WELCOME TO

PARADISE
DOWNTOWN • 919 GRANVILLE 681-1732

VANCOUVER'S BEST SHOW VALUE!

GREAT TRIPLE FEATURES! SEE 3 FILMS FOR ONLY $2.50!

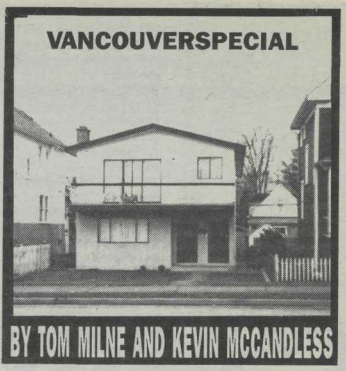
ENJOY THE BEST IN MOVIE ENTERTAINMENT AT THE LOWEST TICKET PRICE IN TOWN

VANCOUVER'S ORIGINAL DISCOUNT THEATRE & STILL THE BEST!

ALL SEATS ALL SEATS $2.50 ALL DAY **ALL DAY**

WE WANT TO MAKE THE PARADISE YOUR FAVOURITE THEATRE

24 HR. SHOW INFO: 681-1732



BY TOM MILNE AND KEVIN MCCANDLESS

That Kevin guy was supposed to cover this gig so I thought it'd be safe for me to drink my face off but since he didn't show up I guess I'll have to do the review. I arrived late, partway through the **Clusterfux** set, but I heard enough to be impressed: fast, slow, fast, slow tight hardcore with a raw edge. **Paste** was up next and Holy Fuck were they good. As far as I'm concerned, the Paste members' old band, **Subverse**, was one of the most amazing Vancouver hardcore bands, ever, and was seriously underrated. And Paste completely picks up where Subverse left off. Totally intense face shredding hardcore, hopefully Vancouver audiences will be a little more receptive with their style this time around. Unfortunately, after this point I staggered off into the night and completely missed **Shutdown**, so I'm going to let my roommate comment on their show;

"Shutdown put on a solid, intense set of hardcore. Unlike the last time I saw them when they were consumed by their own semi-nakedness; the fact that all five members of the band ended the gig in macho shirtlessness didn't detract from their music. Instead of focusing on each others silky skin, Shutdown kept churning out the kind of all encompassing hardcore that drunken legends are made of. Assuming they can deal with their rock'n'roll stardom (no mean feat) they might actually transcend the incestuous local scene."

So overall I guess it was a great gig, with the possible exception being that the audiences at all ages gig tend to show a bit more wild abandon than the Cruel Elephant crowd. Oh well, who the hell am I to talk? I rarely jump around for any band so I guess I just contribute to the general lameness.

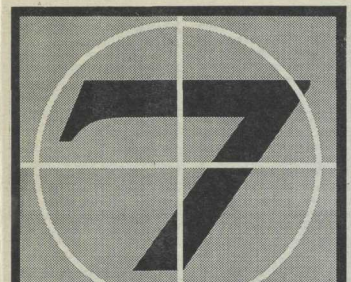
Speaking of lame, the cover of the new **Superconductor** 7" is obviously intended to turn a few stomachs, but it is a little too blatantly exploitive to be all that interesting. Still, it does catch the eye. And that's probably a good thing considering the music is quite cool: harsh, heavily distorted screaming grunge. It's very very heavy but I find the amazing vocals are what really push it over the top. To tell you the truth though, I was a little disappointed that you can't really tell that's there's 7 guitarists.

The **Lung** 7" is finally out and it has been well worth the wait. Both songs are filled with raw edged screaming distortion, but the brutal pounding drums on "Consume" make that one the real standout for me. This is too energetic to be called 'grunge,' and too downright catchy (in a kind of harsh way) to be called 'noise,' so quit trying to make me label it and go out and buy the stupid thing. Very, very, pretty vinyl.

This has been a hell of a month for Vancouver vinyl. Hot on the heels of the Scratch releases comes *The Mint is a Terrible Thing to Taste*, from Mint records. It features **Tankhog** and **Windwalker** doing the Ministry songs "So What" and "Burning Inside" respectively. Ever heard of the expression "this was a cover that needed doing"? I'd say that was the case for both of these songs, the Tankhog one having the slight edge of approval from me over Windwalker. Tankhog's version of "So What" has to be heard to be believed. Incredibly heavy, it is a fairly faithful rendition of the original with enough variation to keep it interesting. From a completely different stylistic camp, Windwalker do a much faster, although a slightly less harsh sounding, version of "Burning Inside," with a little more vocal melody and a definite fast hardcore sound to the drums and guitar. This release should be checked out even if you have no real interest in either band; I mean, I normally find Tankhog's thud-metal sound to be a bit boring but they really kick here. I'd also like to mention that the packaging is totally great, the Tankhog side especially worth noting.

Well that's it. I guess the column's a bit short this month but we've gotta have a life. Speaking of a life, this will likely be the last column I'll contribute to but Kevin will be carrying on the banner so keep that fan mail coming.

photo of Paste by Kai Korinth



BY FELICITY DUNBAR

Ooooh September's here! Time to plant yerself back in that desk scoured sparklingly clean of any year-old Dubble Bubblicious Yum and start chompin' on them HBs, right? Not I. Nopesirree! I'm gonna keep on sitting here with my orange sequinned velour Nardwuar record player just a-listening to all these 7"ers. Now where shall we begin...

Let's start with a **Supersuckers** record, shall we? I just got ahold of "Junk" (eMpTy Records). Frankly I don't think they sound like "generic, pneumatic, drill-sounding punk" as one live reviewer described the band as being a couple months ago. Actually I don't know what that means. One of them Vancouver Special guys told me that the Supersuckers are like the Derelicts only a whole lot louder or a lot rougher or tougher or whatever... all of the above. Listening to "Junk" kinda reminds me of having one of those dreams in which all your teeth fall out, disintegrate, or otherwise go all gritty. I like this, especially "Girl I Know" on Side 2. It's grinding catchy crunch. And I don't have to ponder as long over this record as I did over that dream. By the way did anyone see last month's Supersuckers' record review in *Hype*?

That label from Bellingham that starts with an E have put out another three record box set. Problem though is that when I opened up the box much to my horror, I found only two-thirds inside. So, here you get only two-thirds of a review. Anyway, this compilation is called *HalfRack: The 12 Drunkest Bands in Showbiz*, and just like its predecessor the *Lunch Bucket* that came with a set of trading cards, the *HalfRack* comes with extra stuff that makes the box rattle. A book of matches, a coaster. A perfect gift for your pyromaniac drunken vinyl-collecting cousin. Musically *The HalfRack* kicks the *Lunch Bucket* and most of the other recent compilations right out the door and down the street. A heckuva lot more variety. A heckuva lot more listenable. *The Lunch Bucket* was sort of difficult to listen to all in one go, but this I could listen to all day long if only I didn't have to get up to change records. It's kind of a silly idea —this drunken band thing— but the tunes themselves (the eight that I've heard) are cool regardless. **The Derelicts** are their raw Derelict selves tearing through a cover of the Cosmic Psychos' "Lost Cause." **Seaweed** once again splendidly covers a Beat Happening song. This time it's "Foggy Eyes." Maybe next time they'll do "Hot Chocolate Boy." Whahoooo. There are a couple low points on this gathering though. Even a recent appearance on Entertainment Tonight couldn't make me wanna listen to the **Untamed Youth**'s tune more than a couple times. **Prisonshake**'s song is a rocker, but their own last release was a lot more catchy. Missing from my set was the "M" bunch: Mudhoney, the Mono Men, Marble Orchard, the Mummies. Nardwuar who does have a complete set says "The Mummies do Suzi Quatro's "What a Way to Die". It's grraaaaytt!"

You should probably buy **Is This Bob**'s record (Plumb) on looks alone. The cover photo is amazing and quite suitable for framing. Inside you get three tunes, one of which is a cover of "Doin' It Our Way" (y'know from Laverne & Shirley?). That cover and THE cover are the best things about this record. The other two songs are not too special party rock that unfortunately pale in comparison, although "Sally" seems to be a tune that'll eventually grow on you. In the meantime you can spend your time absorbing the amazingness of the covers.

The first release of the **Parkland Pride Co-op** is the Parkland Pride 7". This appears to be one of those bunch-of-band-buddies-get-together-and-do-a-record records. It's a party on vinyl. How critical can ya be? The only problem with a record like this is that it can end up being too much of an in-joke leaving the listener out of the fun. But oh well, if you wanna crash the party, you can find it at Meat Records in Tacoma, WA.

From Columbus, Ohio (home of The Boys from Nowhere who put out many a 7"), come the **Red Devils**. Although this 4-song EP sounds at times as if these guys were recording while vacuuming their livingroom, this record deserves a spot in every jukebox in town. Good but not great, a fun rock-a-billy stomper. Oh and by the way, "Button Nose" is also covered by the A-Bones. What's this a Benny Joy revival or something?

"Yo Mamafish"/"Pop Song = Food" by **The Dambuilders** (Puppethead). If you've been hankering for some unfancy uncomplicated pop music wrapped up in a confusing black, blue and white sleeve, check out "Yo Mamafish"/"Pop Song = Food" by The Dambuilders. I don't know why, but for some reason when I opened up this record it smelled kind of peppery or licorice-y like a spice shop. Maybe The Dambuilders are chefs or bakers by day. Maybe that explains the title of the B-side of their 7". Hmmmmm. Maybe it's lunch time.

Sleepyhead is a trio: Chris O'Rourke, Rachael McNally and Michael Gallinsky. On their single "Play" b/w "Too Much Fun" (Picture Book Artifact), they credit Gene, Jamie, Snake and Tae for concept, spiritual reference, choreography and sleeve design respectively. It was recorded by Kramer at Noise NY. It is brilliant. Brilliant in every single way. Sleepyhead played in Olympia at the International Pop Underground Convention. No doubt they were brilliant there too. I wasn't there, I was at home playing their brilliant record over and over and over again. So there.

Yep, that's all for this month. If you've got a 7" out, pleeeez send it my way! Plus for more news on 7"ers local-style, flip to Vancouver Special. Beware of the evil plastic 7" centre thief.

Rory Tait

Another year, another Shindig. Do we really need to go over all this stuff? I mean, you must have been submerged in one helluva thick peat bog to be unaware of the whys and whereabouts of the Great Shindig Event. Oh, come on! Shindig is better than Christmas! It's an opportunity to see old friends, have a few drinks, listen to some hot tunes and we promise that you will never have to kiss any of your relatives.

What Shindig involves, in case you might still be wondering (and I will pause here for you to clean the peat out of your ears)... is the most loved and hated annual music event in Vancouver. It ain't sponsored by some drug—pushing tobacco company, nor is it related to this "Music '91" shtick... no, no, no! Shindig is sponsored by CiTR, as well as our prize-donating friends. Therefore, it is not some vehicle for crafty music—industry schmooze-heads to hit on "the next big thang" and whack each other on the back while paying lip-service to "supporting local music." Shindig is an opportunity for inexperienced and original groups of musicians to play in front of real people on a real stage and feel the thrills and excitement of a live performance. Shindig also throws in an element of competition and completely arbitrary subjectivity with its "battle of the bands" format. But that's the kinda dog-eat-dog world we live in, so ya better get used to it before ya drown in yer idealism.

But what about you — the original local music aficionado? What does Shindig offer to you? And what if you've never been to Shindig? (gasp) What should you do? say? wear??? These are all excellent questions, and to assist you, the novice Shindigger, we have compiled:

The Beginner's Guide to Shindig Etiquette:
or how to be a local music know-it-all in six easy steps

1. First of all make sure it's a Monday night. Shindig happens on a Monday, not Tuesday (go see a movie), not Friday (don't you have anything better to do on a Friday night?). It's Monday, got it?
2. Round up some friends, the more the merrier. If you don't have any, dial 911 and scream as loudly as you can. At least you'll feel better.
3. Arrive early. Shindig is much more enjoyable if you can find a table and down a pint before the show begins. Relax! It's been a long day, you've earned it. The music you will be experiencing at your typical Shindig round is challenging, different, energetic, and creative. It isn't background music, so be attentive! Moving one's body parts in time with the music is optional, but encouraged.
5. Shindig is a competition and, alas, this does require the execution of some painfully subjective decision-making by your friends, the Shindig judges. The judges are really very kind people, and make every effort to be as fair and as open-minded as possible. Sometime, though, you just gotta separate the meat from the fat, the diamonds from the gravel, the poop from the porcelain. This is the challenging yet rewarding job of a Shindig judge. Look in your yellow pages under "recruiting."
6. After the evening is finished, you have the opportunity to argue and bicker with your friends and new acquaintances about the evening's events, in eager anticipation of next week's thrilling installment. And you can follow the exciting play-by-play right here in your handy copy of Discorder magazine.

[Ed.—Rory Tait will be providing a blow-by-blow description of the Shindig event for those unable to get down to the Railway Club on Monday evenings. Shindig starts on September 16.]

photo of A Cartoon Swear by Miss Dee

SUBTEXT

SECRETS ENTRUSTED TO A FEW

BY JUDITH BEEMAN

Science Fiction fans were out in force at UBC for the big **Westercon 44/V--Con 19** bash (July4-7). The cream of the SF crop was present, over 2,000 people. Between the author's readings, movies, art shows, *Star Trek* weddings, and panels galore, it was go go go. A rather wide-eyed **subtext** was there too!

So SF culture is on deck this month, including a look at Western-con, bookstores in town, vital texts and local writers. And, oh yeah, readers of this column will know **"people are reading"** (bottom o' page) is where I get folks to share their book lists... **William Gibson** ... for example. Happy Reading!

Perhaps the most informative panel I attended at the Con was **Neglected Authors,** with Spider Robinson, Cliff Burns and David Bratman. Spider and Cliff are writers and David is editor of *Mythprint*, a SF journal from San Jose. The three brought up many names of writers somewhat "neglected" today. Their testimony was truly impassioned; what fun to see experts in "fan" mode. The following list is from this panel, writers whose style is timeless and worthy of perusal.

Neglected Authors

JG Ballard
Terry Carr
John Varley
David Gerrold
Henry Kuttner
Cyril Kornbluth
Gardner Dozois
Edgar Pangborn
Karen Joy Fowler
Keri Hulme *Bone People*
Theodore Sturgeon *Godbody*
John Bellairs *Face in the Frost*
William Fairchild *No Man's Land*
Norman Spinrad *Radio Talkshow Host*
Terry Bisson *Talking Man, Wyrld-maker*
John D. McDonald (wrote SF before mysteries)
Charles Beaumont *Dark Heart* (collection of SF)
Diana Wynne-Jones *Fire and Hemlock* (for the kiddies)
Robin McKindley *Outlaw of Sherwood* (redoing the classics)
Judith Merril (they raved about her; a prolific writer, also an editor)

Local SF Media

Tune your dial into the other keen radio station in town, **Co-op 102.7 fm**, each Thursday night for *Ether Control*, a SF extravaganza, 9:30-10:00 pm. The ***BC Science Fiction Association*** wants you! A social club for over 20 years, promoting SF/fantasy the group has weekly raves at the Burrard Motor Inn (Fridays), monthly mtgs and lots of affiliates such as the *Time Meddlers* (Dr Who fans) and *Star Trek* clubs (lots of 'em). For more info on the *BCSFA*, write box 35577, Stn E, Vancouver V6M 4G9 or call 582-9983 or 738-8356.

Westercon? V--Con? Whaa? West Coast Science Fantasy Conference (Westercon) is an annual event held in a location west of the 104th meridian, or Hawaii. It's a big deal to sponsor this event; Phoeniz, Arizona gets the honour next year (always held in July) while Vancouver once before hosted Westercon, 14 years ago in 1977. This year **V-Con (Vancouver Science Fiction Convention)** was tied in with Westercon. Put this on your calendar for next year... **V-Con 20 "Sex In Science Fiction and Fantasy"** ...very educational, I'm sure! It is being held at the Sheraton hotel in Burnaby, May 23 - 25, guests of honour include Michael Kube-McDowell and Elisabeth Vonarburg. Topics will include gender roles, relationships and all the usual con-stuff...*love* that chain-mail wear.

SF booksearch

Hands down best store in town is **white dwarf** @4368 W.10th (228-8223). They've just moved one door over and the "old" store will now be stocking mystery books. Everything you could want, nice staff, one old beagle!

Worthy of honorable mention is the **Granville Book Company** @850 Granville (687-2213). Great selection of SF related books and smack dab downtown. Open till midnight!

Somewhere in between is the **Comicshop** @2089 W.4th (738-8122). Head to the basement for the SF, both new and used.

The biggest selection of used books would be at the **Book and Comic Emporium** @1247 Granville (682-3019). Best bookstore cats in town! Also for second hand SF (in a more genteel setting) is **Michael Thompson Bookseller** @445 W. Pender (682-6885). These are just a few shops...most bookstores have a SF section, so seek 'em out. By the way, if 'n you like a good mystery once in a while, check out **Mystery Merchant** @1952 W. 4th (739-4311), this town's newest specialty bookshop.

★ Cybertext ★

Is cyberpunk dead? Six years after *Neuromancer* the question has been raised. Originally an attitude *and* a genre, it's become a heck of a marketing tool, these days. The following are some authors, books and mags (both pre and post "cyber" anything, lets just say they have "spirit") you may enjoy searching out:

JG Ballard *Atrocity Exhibition, Crash* : This Englishman has written lots of SF and "shocking" stuff. These beauties are just two. This Fall will also see the sequel to *Empire of the Sun*. SF includes *The Drowned World, Vermilion Sands*.

Rudy Rucker *Software, Wetware* (sequel), *Transreal!* (brand new, out soon, collection of fiction), *The 4th Dimension: Toward a geometry of Higher Reality*. Rucker is young and most famous for his mind...he's smart! His books include both SF and studies of information/theories.

William Burroughs You bet! The writing is wayout. There is more to him than *Junkie* or *Naked Lunch* (soon on big screen dir. by Canada's own Dave Cronenberg). Try *The Wild Boys* or *Interzone* (collection of stories/thoughts).

☞ *Gurps Cyberpunk* is one of many Steve Jackson Games publications. The cover states this is a "High-Tech Low-Life Roleplaying Sourcebook". It sure is. Tired of *Dungeons and Dragon* ?

George Alec Effinger *When Gravity Falls, A Fire in the Sun* (sequel) World beat cyber stuff set in 21st century Tangiers.

KW Jeter *Dr. Adder* ...wicked! Surgical techniques prosper.

Tom De Haven's *Freak's Amour* is simply amazing. Read it. An early work by this noted SF author.

☞ *Locus* is really an "industry" mag, keeping people up to date with whats happening in the writing field: feature articles, tons of reviews, this is an all round excellent guide to "the scene."

☞ *Mirrorshades* (ed. Bruce Sterling) Thee cyberpunk anthology.

Spider Robinson *Mindkiller, Time Pressure*. And coming soon, *Starseed*, (the sequel to *Stardance*) a collaboration with **Jeanne**, his wife. They read a passage from this @ Westercon.

The Re/Search series These books are vital! Reasonably priced, nicely bound, the kind of subject matter you don't see every day. Past books include *JG Ballard* overview, *Incredibly Strange Films* and the *Industrial Culture Handbook*. Due out later this year is *Angry Women*, a look at thoroughly modern babes. *Semiotext{e} SF* A collection of hard-edged SF. Many of the names mentioned here. It's a keeper!

☞ *Mondo 2000* is a marvel. Published quarterly on very slick paper, issue 4 includes Vancouver's own Skinny Puppy, high-tech computer info, The Lizard King's poetry, music reviews, fashion and R. Rucker's review of *The Difference Engine*. Rather *studied* with its *glossily anarchistic* manner (a journal for the disaffected wealthy?) *Mondo* nonetheless kicks bum.

☞ *ON SPEC* is "the Canadian Magazine of Speculative Writing", published by The Copper Pig Writers' Society in Edmonton. Now in its third year, the mag presents all sorts of fiction I can only describe as "unstuffy". Words and pictures. The Spring issue has 10 stories, the Winter 91 issue will be focused on "humour". Contact ON SPEC at P.O. Box 4727, Edmonton, AB, T6E 5G6.

William Gibson started it all w/*Neuromancer* which introduced us to the cyber-cowboy, Case (middle name *antihero)*. Other books include *Count Zero, Burning Chrome* (10 short stories) and *Mona Lisa Overdrive*.

Bruce Sterling *Schismatrix* and *Islands in the Net* are two places to begin. Bonus points for *Islands* having a female protagonist.

Gibson/Sterling Their duet *The Difference Engine* came out this year. It explores the cyberpast of Victorian England. Now, when is that paperback edition due?

☞ *Science Fiction Eye* Published 3 times a year with issue #8 (Winter 91) now out. This is great! Printed in Washington, DC (PO box 43244, 20010-9244 — one year $15 US). 112 pages with articles by Sterling; Elizabeth Hand; Eileen Gunn's *"Difference Dictionary,"* a helpful guide to terms/people circa the England of past; not yet typical music reviews; JG Ballard interview and review...and so much more! Nicely laid out, too. Beg your local shop to get this baby in.

☞ *Vague* is UK political/anarchistic fodder, but unlike so much of this type of writing, is presented in a way that allows one to truly give it a chance and enjoy. This poor-man's Re/Search is no longer published(?). I own #20 "Televisionairies" and #16/17 the "Psychic Terrorism Annual". A compelling mish-mash of clipped articles, collage, articles. Yo, if anyone has #21 the "Cyber-punk Handbook", can I borrow it?

Stephen King. Just kidding! Actually, *The Stand* is a work of art, but c'mon Steve, more *Castle Rock* due this Fall? Bor-ing.

☞ *Technoculture*. Communications, technology and culture—that's the 90's, in a "nutshell." This book of essays range from Cyborgs to Rap music to the lessons of Cyberpunk and Japanese comix. Univ. of Minnesota press, ed. Penley/Ross.

☞ *Horizons SF* 's the magazine published by the UBC SF Society (also the oldest English language SF mag in Canada). Fiction, interviews and columns. Get this, membership to the Society is nine bucks a year for students, $9.01 for non-students. Cool. For info write, box 75, 6138 SUB Boulevard, UBC, V6T 1Z1.

Joe R. Lansdale *By Bizarre Hands* (short stories), the newest *Batman!* and an "Authors choice monthly" for the very cool **Pulphouse** press (on which I may do a profile...neat books). Joe writes a combo of horror and SF, which means, as far as I'm concerned, double the fun. Definately an author "on his way up."

☞ *Forced Exposure* 's shipper than you or I could ever be. And we'll just let 'em believe that. Primarily a music mag but the book reviews favour the weird. The last issue had a very thorough profile on Rudy Rucker.

Buy Canadian!

Eileen Kernaghan knows books. She helped **subtext** compile a list of local writers who specialize in SF/Fantasy. Visit **Neville Books** @ 7793 Royal Oak Ave, Burnaby, you'll find either Eileen or husband Patrick behind the counter. A given: these writers deserve many more words than what I've plunked down, consider this list an "overview."

Rhea Rose writes cyberstyle, had stories in past *Tesseracts*.

Lisa Cohen has sold a few stories to *Fantasy and SF* the latest "Rainbone" is not yet published.

Mary Choo writes poetry, also had a story in *Sword and Sorcerers #6*.

Don DeBrandt recently sold his first novel.

Crawford Killian teaches English, his books include *Gryphon, and Empire of Time*.

Eileen Kernaghan is quite modest. Three award-winning novels, poetry and fiction published in various mags.

Sean Russell *The Initiate Brother* is set in the mystical Orient, SF artist Michael Whelan did the cover! Bonus.

The Robinson's & William Gib-

PEOPLE ARE READING

Ever wonder what people are reading? I do. **William Gibson,** recently seen in People mag, took time to write and tell subtext.

CITY OF QUARTZ by Mike Davis (Verso, 1990, hardcover, mine cost $24.95 U.S. at Book Soup on Sunset). Subtitled "Excavating the Future in Los Angeles," this is an inspired rant on the nature and meaning of the world's first 21st-century city. Davis is a native Southern Californian, a leftist, and writes about L.A. the way JG Ballard wrote about automobile accidents. In spite of a few tedious lapses into ideological shrillness, this is the sharpest book available on the topic. One chapter, "Fortress L.A," is worth the price of admission alone, dealing as it does with the privatization of public space (i.e. the park-into-mall syndrome and private armed-response security forces). Make no mistake, Davis loves the place passionately; you have to, to write about it this intensely, this darkly.

SUTTREE by Cormac McCarthy (Vintage Contemporaries, 1986, trade paper, $6.95 U.S., and probably out of print). This book is so fine, so funny, and so unbearably sad that I really can't think of much to say about it. McCarthy is a brilliant, amazingly neglected Southern writer, a consummate stylist with one of the largest active vocabularies in the English-speaking world. Set in the early 50's in Knoxville, Tennessee. A man named Hazelwood declines a drink of moonshine: "The last time I drank some of that shit I like to died. I stunk from the inside out. I laid in a tub of hot water all day and climbed out and dried and you could still smell it. I had to burn my clothes. I had the dry heaves, the drizzlin shits, the cold shakes and the jakeleg. I can think about it now and feel bad."

MONKEY BRAIN SUSHI edited by Alfred Birnbaum (Kodansha, 1991, hardcover, $18.95 U.S.) Cutting-edge anthology of contemporary and decidedly weird-ass Japanese fiction. Everything from "TV People," by super-star novelist Haruki Murakami (author of the wonderful A **WILD SHEEP CHASE**, also from Kodansha) to Amy Yamada's seamlessly claustro S&M fable "Kneel Down and Lick My Feet."

CYBERPUNK: OUTLAWS AND HACKERS ON THE COMPUTER FRONTIER by Katie Hafner and John Markoff (Simon & Schuster, 1991, hardcover, $22.95 U.S.) Hafner and Markoff didn't want the publisher to call this book CYBERPUNK, but what can you do? This is an extremely intelligent examination of the hacker subculture, and I particularly recommend it to anyone who imagines that real hackers are anything remotely like the leather-jeaned consoled jockeys of cyberpunk fiction. Hafner and Markoff capture the essence of a small group of people who get along better with telephone systems than they do with other people. This should sell like hotcakes when the paperback comes out.

son, born Americans, now proud to call Vancouver their home. Lucky us.

Leona Gom's "The Y Chromosome" can be found in *Tesseracts 3*.

Michael Coney lives in Sidney. Orig from the UK, he's written 16 novels, recent work includes comic Arthurian tale *Fang, the Gnome*.

Robert Charles Wilson is from Nanaimo, work includes *Gypsies*.

Teresa Plowright wrote *Dreams of an Unseen Planet*.

Donna Farley writes short stories and had a story in the anthology, *Catsmagic*.

Have you read *Tesseracts?* There's three of 'em to choose from. Volumes of short SF stories written by Canadians. The latest one *3* has lots of speculative fiction from over 30 writers. Edited by Candas Jane Dorsey and Gerry Truscott.

Who the hell is **Cliff Burns**? Cliff Burns was an invited guest at Westercon 44, the recent Science Fiction gala at UBC. His psychological horror stories knocked me on my butt. I don't think of him as an SF writer, but at times there's a thin line between horror and science fiction and heck, if it's gonna pay the bills...Cliff's *one* SF story, *The Invisible Boy* can be seen in *Tesseracts 3* the latest collection of hot Canadian SF.

Cliff isn't exactly a household name; a mere 14 people came to hear his reading @ Westercon (mind you, computer guru Steve Jackson was speaking at exactly the same time). Go figure. An impassioned reading from this modest young Canadian deserved a larger crowd. I doubt Cliff lost any sleep over the situation.

Check it out: 60 short stories published in greats pulps such as *Grue*, *Iniquities* (excellent new publication), *Gauntlet* and *Midnight Graffiti*. (the Spring 90/Stephen King special). Then a recent self-published collection of 19 short stories, *Sex & Other Acts of the Imagination* sells all 500 copies lickety-split, as they say. *Mark Ziesing*, publisher and purveyor of cool gives the book a solid boost with these succinct words "Great short stories by a new favorite of mine."

The stories? From the wickedness of *Walt Disney in Hell* (I can see the lawyers approaching now!) to the emotional disgust of a young kid realizing that his mom's crazy (very sad) in the *The Strange Music*, Cliff keeps his reader locked onto every word. Does that sound hokey? S'only the truth. In *Carl* we view a bizarre family photo album. *Sex tet: A Horrific Medley of Old Favourites* is grimly fascinating and disturbing: No matter how you feel about the topics —I was a lil' queasy, actually—the writing *is* stunning.

Four of the stories in *Imagination* deal with Nuclear War and it's aftermath. *The Cattletruck* lets us hear a conversation between a little girl and a maimed "survivor" of an atomic blast. In *The End* we meet a man so shocked at his impending demise he continues to go about business, bill-collecting from the neighbours. The final story *The Hibakusha* shows Kay, as she goes on a fateful "medicine run".

So you're intrigued, you'd like to read Cliff's book. Well, er..um... you *can't*. At least you *can't* until the book is reprinted. And that'll be either when Cliff scrapes together the bucks or some publisher wakes up and grabs the chance to print the most innovative young writer around. I doubt we'll be waiting long.

CLIFF BURNS
Walt Disney in Hell—A Trilogy

"I'll see you in Disneyland."
—Richard Ramirez ("The Night Stalker", a serial killer) to spectators as he is led away after receiving the death sentence.

I

Walt Disney is building amusement parks in Hell. Rollercoasters cascade into loop-de-loops lined with glistening razor blades that eviscerate the riders. Patrons wait patiently to enter haunted houses boasting real ghouls, flesh eaters and blood suckers and vivisectionists that giggle and caper through the corridors, slicing and dicing with insane abandon. Ferris wheels constructed without the benefit of safety bars upend suddenly, flinging screaming people to the ground. Conscientious employees sweep up the mess, hose down the rides, prepare for the next horde of sinners.

II

Walt Disney has taken a male lover, a young boy who hung himself with shoelaces while awaiting trial for killing his parents with an ax. The kid gives great head. Walt likes it when he goes down on him while he's working on his desk, poring over blueprints for sadistic new rides. After Walt comes the kid has to put on a set of mouse ears and in falsetto squeaks tell Walt what a wonderful, big cock he has.

III

Walt Disney and P.T. Barnum talk shop while drinking a concoction known as "Old Nick". Walt thinks the Devil thinks too small and Barnum agrees. They bicker on conditions for the merger, finally conclude negotiations with a handshake. The Devil will be deposed and a massive amusement park complex built that encompasses all of the regions of Hell. It will take eons to accomplish but, as Walt looks at it, when he was living he started out with a skinny fucking mouse and a dream and forged an empire, Why shouldn't history repeat itself?

Hey you! On **Tuesday, September 24th** go to SMASH gallery, pay a measly 5 bucks to hear POETRY (Gerry Gilbert/DCD/David Bromige and waaay more) and see the film GANG OF SOULS (avec Richard Hell, M. Faithfull, Bill Burroughs et al). The festivities begin at 7:30. A double-whammy of fun...After you recover from that event, on **Thursday, September 26** you can see/hear the wonderful **Susan Musgrave** (very cool!) and **Robin Skelton** (who's a Witch! Equally cool in a different sorta way) read together at the **Art Gallery** (3rd flr annex) 7:30 pm, or separately **She** (Britannia library 1:30), **He** (Joe Forte branch, also 1:30)

REAL LIVE ACTION

Elvis Love Child
Loose
The Smalls
Welfare Bash
The Cruel Elephant
Wednesday 24 July

If this gig was indeed held for welfare patrons, then they all must rot on ICHIBAN, budgeting towards PVC pants and crushed velvet bustiers. Yeah, the mystery meal was rice n' peas. Okay I got the mandatory catty Discorder shit out of the way...the 3 bands were, on the whole, good. A lot better than I expected since some of the gig posters boasted it would be "better than fucking." The Smalls opened up with their own methadone-injected brand of Zeppelin homage and bastardized Black Sabbath songs. Loose was on second. They possessed tight spiraling guitars and a Jack Ednino sounding lead, who forced the attentions of would-be sceptics and insincere fashion plates by swinging his black hair in their faces, coming as far as midpiano bar to touch the souls of would-be fans and proving his sincerity by ending the set in a pair of tiny leopardskin panties. If this was the first gig Loose played, they proved to be excellent stage personalities and worth checking out. The headliners, Elvis Love Child are definitely worth checking out. They started out on the club circuit playing heavy psychedelic grungy loudness and they've gotten to the point now where they never sound like 'just noise' but have a continual upbeat approach. And they're cover of "In N' Outta Grace" was cool, a Mudhoney tribute might be almost taboo for some bands but Elvis Love Child carried it off well. I wonder if their 60's-movie-hypnotizer sets will return, it looked something like the inside of a cave...and all three are local bands too.

Anonymous

Front Line Assembly
U-Go-In-Sekt
Graceland
Thursday 25 July

Vancouver's general lackadaisicalness strikes again. I think it has a lot to do with the fact that people don't know how to deal with an aggressive industrial band, we're used to Skinny Puppy's performance art, which is not really interactive.

Opening act U-Go-In-Sekt is comprised of Mike Victory, who is on Spiral Records under the name of Sect, and Steve Rosen. An intriguing blend of rhythm, noise, and distorted guitar and bass, this, unfortunately, was a one-shot collaboration. But Sect will be playing Vancouver in the Fall as part of the Spiral Records showcase.

Front Line Assembly disproved those who think they're a Puppy ripoff; in fact, I wondered how Bill Leeb stayed hidden as a Puppy keyboardist as long as he did. The nickname 'Bouncing Bill Leeb' is totally appropriate—he careens around the stage, flailing his arms, looking like a boxer without a partner. Rhys Fulber did most of the keyboard duties and also some truly amazing percussive work, including banging on sheets of metal. The duo were joined by drummer Chris Peterson who added a fuller feel to the music and also showed that electronic bands do not just flick on a switch and get instant music. The bulk of material was from their latest album, *Caustic Grip*, which included a strange, guitarless "Provision" and my fave "Iceolate," with all the songs were 'live' sounding—very little was pre-programmed. There seemed to be a small core of people going crazy, but most people just seemed to nod their heads—maybe stupefied in the face of such aggression.

Yes, Front Line didn't do an encore, but apparently sometimes they don't do encores (which makes them a promoter's nightmare). People assured me they thought Front Line was great. Hopefully they'll show it more physically next time Front Line Assembly plays here, which should be, oh, about two to five years. As well, Front Line should give the audience more time to react, the momentum was cut by the shortness of the set.

June Scudeler

Meat Beat Manifesto
Consolidated
Commodore
Wednesday 31 July

So, like, I'm on the bus trying to figure out whether or not I'm gonna like this whole crusading rap stuff Consolidated is gonna pump out tonight. I am a fan of their music and behind what they stand for, but I am thinking that the show is basically preaching to the converted, since most of the culprits involved in the bullshit which is sending us down the toilet probably won't be there tonight. I am also anticipating their way of hammering their messages home are going to cause a backlash-type reaction among the more complacent members of the crowd, basically voiding their whole efforts. Personally, I feel Billy Bragg has more of an effect on a crowd's consciousness, with his common sense approach, than Consolidated will with their scattergun-you're-all-guilty style. But they had their effect.

Natch the bus got me there late, so I got in after the show started. I glanced around and noted the crowd was in solid groove mode, jackin' their bodies while Consolidated hammered their words home with a sonic mallet. Unexpectedly, the drums were live and wordmonger Adam Sherbourne abused a guitar and bass for most of the set. The bass heavy mix made the words tougher to make out than it should have been, but the crowd got the messages. The video montage they played during their set was heavy, driving home their point. It was hard to discern the crowd's sincerity in their agreement with Sherbourne's introductions to the songs, since many of the people were raising a fist with one hand and holding a Labatt's or Molson's with the other. About halfway through, the conscious party stopped for a well made, but disturbing, anti-meat video, which intercut MacDonald's ads with slaughterhouse film. After the show, the collective had their now famous Q & A session.

This is where I realized how fucked up a lot of people in our scene are. While many pertinent points were put forth (usually by women), there were so many assholes (usually men, surprise, surprise) grabbing the microphone and spewing out nonsensical, redundant responses our governments have been handing out for decades. Maybe some consciousness was raised, but for some it was way over their heads. The pamphlet table was a great idea, and the group knew about the local problems, which gave their whole concept less of an American bias.

Meat Beat Manifesto was obviously the Fuck Issue, "Let's Dance" part of the show. And they sucked. It was like hearing remixes at a disco. No charisma at all, not enough life for a live show. The dancer was good, however, and it would have been cool to see their older shows, which had a more theatric bent. Perhaps I was just overloaded from the intenseness of the Consolidated set.

I came out of the show wiser, of course it's hard for none of the facts to sink in. I believe if you can focus on one of any of the screwed-up things going on in the world, and set about fixing it, you will get much further than trying to do everything at once but you must be aware of all that is wrong. This is what Consolidated is about: Consciousness, not Propaganda.

Mike Mofo McClean

Superconductor
Lung
Cruel Elephant
Saturday 3 August

Perhaps I'll be wasting everyone's time with this...but I've got a theory that will put this entire show into perspective. Briefly, the problem with pop music is that the artists, having realized that their songs shouldn't run more than 2 mins and 50 secs, that stealing ideas is fine, and that you should be able to sing or hum the chorus of a song, have left it at that. The unfortunate result is all too often 'Have You Ever Been Mellow.'

Conversly, Rock, having drunkenly stumbled over the ideas that guitars sound better louder, and playing with aggression and excitement are good things, nodded, belched and left it there. The result here is something like Joan Jett's last four or five releases.

The Answer is to combine the two (for example Dinosaur Jr.'s cover of the Cure's "Just Like Heaven"). Perhaps get a band with a drummer, two bass players, a back up singer and 6 guitars and see what happens.

Theoretically speaking then, this show was a success for me before anyone even bothered to set up the fake palm trees, neo-classical columns, or smoke machine. So even if they thought they were kidding by taking on one and half hour's worth of songs by your favorite 'pop artist,' I say they're not. Whether by accident, or bigger accident, the presentation, scale, volume, and level of distortion which they employed served to nicely illustrate my theory. The sound of Superconductor doing all those half familiar tunes gave them more than a glittering appearence of Mr. Neil "forever in blue jeans" Diamond himself could have lent to the proceedings.

Opening act Lung (who billed themselves as their Smiths' tribute band 'Wall to Wall Shag') also fit into my theory (but then I'm writing this review and if I can't get it to make sense I'm in serious trouble). Lung's attempts at the Smiths were competent but lent nothing new to the songs. Perhaps they sensed this because they abandoned their attempt to fuse genres and launched into a spirited set of their own material. If I'd never seen Sonic Youth I'd think Lung were Godhead, as it is, they're at least God's left knee cap.

Does fame, fortune, recognition of latent genius, and an apperance on the Arsenio Hall show await these groups? I have no idea, I just come up with the theories, it's up to them to live up to them.

Pat Carroll

Beowulf
Asian Centre U.B.C
Saturday 3 August

Metal clad warriors, blood swilling monsters, cold, gut-stained swords, lusty maids and iron-hearted Danish princes? The latest on-stage antics of GWAR?

Hardly. These spectacles all belong to the oldest "English" language musical/literary work we have

photo of Superconductor by Kai Korinth

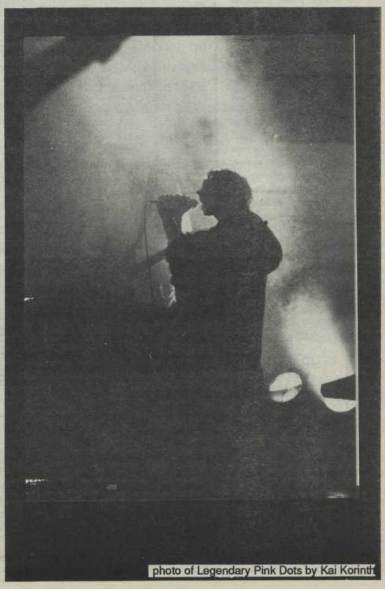


photo of Legendary Pink Dots by Kai Korinth

in extant form—the saga of Beowulf. Benjamin Bagby, an early-Anglo-Saxon musical specialist, was brought to Vancouver last month to spin this heroic Nordic tale of brave combatants, savage grey landscapes, popping tendons, gnashing teeth, joyless fens, flying gobbets of flesh (what the heck is a gobbet? Do I want to know?), and blood lusting "shepherds of sin" (i.e. monsters).

Singing, talking, crying, and shouting in the ancient Anglo-Saxon tongue, Mr. Bagby put on an electrifying performance. I could not understand a single word of the haunting language despite it being the direct ancestor of the strangely successful English language (I did recognize two words though, "blewd"—"Blood," and "god," both used well). However, Mr. Bagby's wild gestures, emotions and characterizations brought the old story to vibrant life. He accompanied himself on a primitive six string lyre (of which no originals exist intact) and managed to coax a wide variety of mood setting musical textures, stopping to animate a particular scene, or to address the audience directly as the ancient bards, who were both entertainers as well as musicians, must have done.

Over a thousand years ago when Beowulf was top of the bops, men were men, women were women, and monsters were horrible, smelly, and cruel. (Actually a lot like the men and women come to think of it!) Beowulf, studliest of them all, is moved closer and closer to his brutal encounter with the nasty Grendel, an ill-tempered creature, who, because of his resentment of humans for not liking him, would sneak out of his swamp hovel at night and slaughter the soldiers sleeping in the great wooden hall in the nearby town. When the two rivals finally meet, the saga of Beowulf also features another first in the history of the English language—the first documented reference to an all-star wrestling move. Beowulf eventually defeated Grendel by putting him into a well-managed arm-lock which the woeful monster only escapes from by ripping its own arm out of its socket. One, two, three, you're outta there!!

The full Beowulf saga would take between four to seven hours to perform— the famous Grendel section is only part of the story. The ancients were highly tuned to the lyrical and poetic nuances of the original, and thus could probably hear and envision things we cannot. However, the mystic tongue of the Anglo-Saxons and the age old tale of one man and a monster are irresistible. GWAR could learn a few things here.

James Boldt

THE LEGENDARY PINK DOTS
Graceland
Tuesday 6 August

Trying to describe the Legendary Pink Dots is pretty near impossible —"uh, they're kind of psychedelic, Pink Floydish, kinda trippy...well, you just have to experience it yourself."

The show was an experience, but I have the feeling the audience was expecting something different. What I don't know. People seem to want bands to keep them amused by laser shows and videos; the whole idea of the Dots is the exact opposite, use it as a time for introspection.

Front man Edward Ka-Spel looked like a gnome from hell. He pounded his keyboards like a crazed organist accompanying a silent horror movie. His vocals lulled people into safety, then he screamed like a banshee. His sense of humour did come through though as he held up a doll called 'Princess Coldheart' and told the crowd not to make her mad because she killed. Here, he reeled off some ridiculous number of victims, and that was just since Seattle.

Musically, sometimes it did drag, but the Dots require an open mind and patience. The live saxophone was an intriguing angle, as was the guitar. Maybe what would have made the show better was a more intimate setting— the Zoviet France show at the Eclipse springs to mind...maybe next time.

June Scudeler

Big Drill Car
Olive Lawn
Rocktopus
Paste
Arcadian Hall
Sunday 18 August

Let's cut to the chase. I missed the first three bands because it was too fucking hot that night and the last place I wanted to spend it was in the Arcadian hall, which, when packed with 300 or so sweaty pop-core-heads, is like walking through a drive-in car wash when the wax rollers are on. If that's too difficult to comprehend, then read this while standing under your Waterpik with all of your clothes on and the hot knob amped. Either you get the picture or your issue of Discorder is illegible.

So, I know it's not fair to the 3 bands that I missed, but had they been playing in the vicinity of a Wet Banana I would have been there with bells on. Sorry guys.

Big Drill Car, on the other hand, I did see. This was not just a concert, an event, a gig, so much as it was a night of miracles. During BDC's first song some dude lost a contact in the carnal commotion of the mosh pit. So you figure, that's it, it's gone, right? Wrong. The kid comes up with it after groping around on the floor for a while. Pops the contact in his eye and he's at it again.

Big Drill Car tested the water with tracks from their new CD, *Batch*, and most couldn't tell the difference between those and their older songs. This is good. When you have a formula that has little boys and girls going "Goo" and also has them scraping out truckloads of cash for your product , be happy. A healthy dose of past classics and a stirring, SCUD missile attack version of Cheap Trick's "Surrender" proved that Big Drill Car was indeed nitrous-oxide powered.

Scooter

A Moodyville Moo-Moo Nardwar presentation featuring:
Fugazi
The Fastbacks
Me, Mom & Morgentaler
The Smugglers
10 Feet Tall
North Van. Rec. Centre
Tuesday 20 August

It's reassuring that even after 16 Nardwuar presentations he's managed to keep the momentum up and continually blows the doors off the respective venues. And that is saying a lot when the venue is a hockey rink and listening to the bands is like hearing your best friend's mom fart in the bathroom over the telephone. Believe it or don't, but the sound at the North Van. Rec. Centre was worse than (cringe) 86th St. 5 bands, 6 bucks, lots of whiny kids, one ambulance, 3 arrogant quincy-punks, put in a hockey rink until warm and slightly damp.

If you missed 10 Feet Tall you were lucky. This band has nothing new to offer. A bunch of longhair poseurs playing guitars like they were hockey sticks, striking their best Warrant demi-metal-god stances and swinging their hair in unison. This either made bile rise in your stomach or, in some demonic way, made you want to play ringette.

The Smugglers, on the other hand, were a humble gang of musicians. These guys were neither good nor bad but who would've thought that the Beachcomber cast was this hard up for work. Toques, toques, toques! Thank them for at least having the decency of playing a very short set.

Me, Mom and Morgentaler were next and the first of the bigwigs. A pleasant blend of ska-core that had all skanking up a storm. One unfortunate gent split open his head during these guys and he alone was a Gwar show. Blood everywhere. But the St. John's people were on hand to administer toumiquets and various other pseudo-bondage type devices and before you knew it, they had the kid walking again. It was a miracle worthy of televangelist recognition. It's scary what they can do with a roll of hockey tape and a flashlight. Morgentaler plowed on the while and were as catchy and pleasing as their name would suggest.

The Fastbacks took the stage. I've seen these guys before and then they did nothing for me. This night I missed them because I was busy not listening to them. So, because I didn't hear them, I can't really judge their performance, but I'll bet they sounded the same as before.

Fugazi! I must make it absolutely clear that there is no way that I can do justice to a Fugazi gig. First, because I don't think my writing is worthy of capturing what Fugazi is about. Second, my opinion would be biased as I have a shrine built to Fugazi at home.

So what can I say? Fugazi! Politi-core. Not the kind of politicore that hits you in the face like a Braun iron but the kind that makes you go, "Yeah, I dig what they're saying." Those who could accept Fugazi for being something other than a slam band got more than 6 bucks worth of concert that's for sure. The want is there. The need is there. Straight-edge! Fugazi! Heaven! Take a bow Nardwuar.

Scooter.

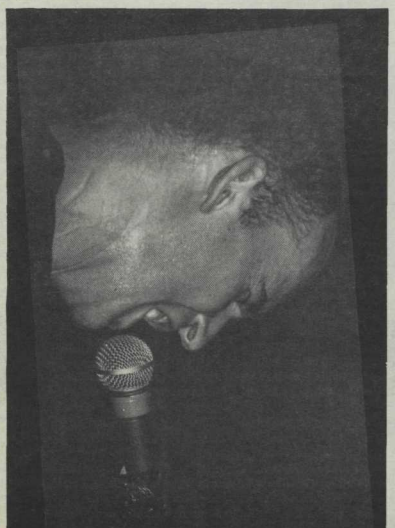
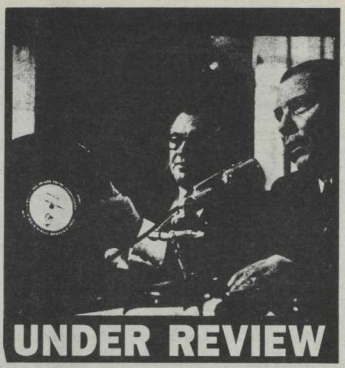


photo of Fugazi by Kai Korinth

COMIC CONNECTION
SPORT CARD & COMIC BOOK CONVENTION
U P D A T E:
DOUG FLUTIE 10:30 - Noon
B.C. Lions QB
Disney Titles
BILL VAN HORN
MIKE ZECK
Punisher Mini Series
Captain America
Master of Kung Fu
Deathstroke (covers)
Death of Kraven
$1,000 in DOOR PRIZES
including Full Run of McFarlane Amazing Spiderman
at
Hotel Vancouver ~ BC Ballroom ~ 900 West Georgia
10:30 - 5pm. Admission: $3 • 12 & under: $2.
For information & dealer table reservations, call:
(604) 682-3019
Dealer Tables: $35/40/45
Proceeds from Artists autographs to B.C. Childrens' Hospital!
SUNDAY SEPT 1ST, 1991
Confirmed for November Convention
Fabian Nicieza - X-Force, New Warriors

I LOVE IT
I CRAVE IT
I NEED IT
I WANT IT
ON ROBSON
FLYING WEDGE PIZZA CO.
Now serving coffee and salads too.
1175 Robson 681-1233
1937 Cornwall 732-8840



UNDER REVIEW

The Grapes of Wrath
These Days
Capitol/Nettwerk

The Grapes of Wrath sound a bit more like Led Zepplin than the Byrds or Simon & Garfunkel on *These Days*. The jangly guitars of *Treehouse* are in little evidence and the lush sound of *Now and Again* has been expanded into a fuller sounding album of nifty riffs and well-defined guitars.

Most of these developments are to the credit of producer John Leckie, whose previous work with the Posies, and to a lesser extent XTC's psychedelic incarnation The Dukes of the Stratospheare, has carried over to the Grape's latest project.

The blending of their melodic, acoustic-orientated songwriting with a heavier, guitar-orientated sound works well. Good examples of this are "Days" and the album's closer, "Miracle." The Beatles influenced melodies and harmonies are captivating and haunting, yet those qualities are only magnified by a full mix of acoustic guitars, piano, organ, and layers of electric guitars. Even when the amps are cranked full-up, as on "A Fishing Tale," the trademark Grapes of Wrath songcraft stands out over the hard-driving, pulsing rhythm (and the accordion is a nice touch).

If anything, The Grapes of Wrath are sounding more mature on *These Days*, as their talents, in both writing and performing, are exposed in greater detail than in the past. More focused and energetic than any of their previous efforts, this is the finest showing of one of our best local acts.

Cameron Riches

Coil
Love's Secret Domain
Cargo/Wax Trax

Well, I can unequivocally say this is dead brilliant. *Love's Secret Domain* is an intoxicating mix of the familiar and the unexpected, Spanish guitars pop out of nowhere. The whole CD has a feeling of warmth to it — the sun of such climates as Spain, the Australian Outback, or the Far East.

Love's Secret Domain with two short bits of whimsy, "Disco Hospital" and "Teenage Lightening 1," then goes into "Things Happen," an unusual tip of the hat to French cabaret songs. Next up are a quartet of instrumentals—"The Snow" is house music that is beautiful in its sparseness, "Where Even the Darkness is Something to See" and "Dark River" are both highlighted by didgeridoos, and "Teenage Lightening 2" is an indescribable weirded out hip hop/dance mutant experience. The single, "Window Pane," is here in all its mystical magnificence, as well as "Chaostrophy," an experimental ditty with oboes, violins, violas and radio snippets. Ex Soft-Cell alumnus, Marc Almond, sings on the album's weakest track, "Titan Arch," which is too sickly sweet. But the album's title track is last and is a paean to the madness of love—you're not sure if the singer is in pain or is experiencing supreme pleasure. *Love's Secret Domain* is a must-have.

June Scudeler

The Jazz Passengers
Live at the Knitting Factory
Knitting Factory

The Jazz Passengers' are a New York jazz group co-founded by Roy Nathanson & Curtis Fowlkes. They, and the other members of the Passengers, have been part of the Lounge Lizards for many years.

The Jazz Passengers music is much different than the Lizards, being closer to improvisational jazz, with lots of smooth but crazy solo breaks liberally scattered throughout their tunes. They are really great showmen live (I had the pleasure of seeing them at the Clutch in '89) and this CD captures their performance from three live shows at the Knitting Factory in New York.

This CD has a really smooth flow to it but, as I already mentioned, it has a lot of chaotic improvisation in it, so it will probably only appeal to you if you like jazz music in general.

I really like it myself, but for you really serious audiophiles, be warned, there's some distortion on one of the horns that pops up throughout the whole CD, something most people will be able to see past.

A Voice of Dissent

The Fall
Shift Work
Sinister/Polygram

The Fall's newest release is a lot like their last one—it grows on you. Mark E. Smith's vocals are still in fine form (which means he still can't "sing"), and the lyrics are the usual inventive Fall quality. But the music lacks a bit of the raw simplicity and, to use a highly overrated word in the music biz, urgency. On their last album, *Extricate*, the band deliberately tried some new sounds, and after climatizing myself to them, I felt the album was a success, especially with songs like "Chicago Now," "The Littlest Rebel," and Coldcut's "Telephone Thing." On the new album a few songs stand out, notably the delightful "Alot of the Wind" about all those artsy, ponytailed types out there (Mr. Smith has a thing about pony-tails as on one of his albums he lists the recording technicians as "a bunch of guys with pony-tails"). However, overall, this release is not as biting as *The Frenz Experiment*, for example. But *Shift Work* is still Fall quality and Mark E. Smith is still the coolest guy to ever dress in department store actionwear and sing off key and get away with it.

J. Boldt

Lustmord
Lustmord and *Paradise Disowned*
Dark Vinyl

These two releases are the aural equivalent of Clive Barker's *Books of Blood*.

The first of the two, a self-titled CD with tracks recorded live during '80-'81, has an, uh, interesting note on it— "all recordings were made at excessive noise thresholds, indeed it should be noted N. Duster's ears bled through the EMS sessions." And thanks go to such luminaries as Chris and Cosey and SPK's Graeme Revell. *Paradise Disowned* was recorded in '84 in such appropriately austere locales as Chartres Cathedral and a cave.

Both of these CD's are truly evil sounding, not the bang your head variety, but a subtle, creeping unease. A good example of this is "Sibling" from the *Lustmord* CD, which features such uplifting samples as "Sometimes I'm scared to live/ Dying is what's easy," and sounds of children and saws, which takes on decidedly ominous overtones: an ominousness that somehow never becomes clichéd as there are enough twists and turns to keep the listener in its net. *Lustmord* is almost 74 minutes long, so all the oppression can be hard to swallow in one big gulp unless you're in a particularly murderous mood.

Paradise Disowned is similar in feel to *Lustmord*, but has more atmospherics, such as chanting, and is quieter, not as blatantly wicked sounding. It's certainly not the feel good record of the year. The standout track is "Comahon Q.Q. Comahon" which bludgeons you into submission with its relentless thudding beat and short bursts of static, percussion, distorted vocals and Native Indian chants.

These two CD's are not recommended for the faint-hearted to listen to late at night, but if you're of sterner stuff, enjoy!

June Scudeler

Lustmord

Siouxsie and the Banshees
Suspicion
Geffen

There's a soft spot in my heart (brain?) when it comes to Siouxsie Sioux. Its roots lie deeply and can be traced back to one of those inexplicable early pubescent crushes, now nearly two decades old and still lingering in my sub-conscious.

Siouxsie's new single "Kiss Them For Me" has gotten me excited all over again. Siouxsie and her Banshees got themselves all hip-hopped up on this fun little ditty, they've even thrown in some decent doses of dulcimer and tabula to make this a happenin' little pop bon-bon, even the "Johnny-come-lately" stations have caught on to it.

Suspicion, the album follow up, is...well...err...uhmm..I'm sorry to say... mediocre at best. Is it the switch from Polydor to Geffen? Is it merely old age? Do they have kids now? ...and so close on the heels of the excellent *Peepshow* and the Creature's *Boomerang*...pity.

Only half this album is acceptable. "Kiss Them For Me" is by far the best track. "Fear of the Unknown" is vintage Siouxsie, circa *Kaleidoscope*, and is a welcome regression. "Silly Thing" is quite catchy. "Got to Get Up" has a...golly gee... it's a wonderful life...kind of spunk that's easy to get carried away by. Another decent track is "Silver Waterfalls." As for the rest, well... they're not good at all. They suffer from a lack of lyrical as well as musical finesse and inspiration. The melodies sound like I've heard them in a previous incarnation. The lyrics are sadly limp and sodden, even Siouxsie's cool vocalizations can't make up for their deficiencies. There is also a certain absence of the musical detailing and productional embellishment that I've come to expect from Siouxsie and her charges.

The songs "Drifter" (boring), "Little Sister," "Shadow Time" (thrash that Liberace piano bit), "Softly" (the worst tune by far) and "Ghost in You" (stinky title, but some lyrics that deserve better than this), are just not up to scratch by any measure.

Suspicion smells, feels, tastes, and sounds suspiciously like a contractual obligation fulfilled (hello there Mr. Geffen). A killer single for sure, but only an EP's worth of okay material. The rest should have ben left on the editing floor. After having said all this I feel slightly guilty...I'm sorry...but really...bleah.

Peter Sickert

G. W. McLennan
Watershed
Beggar's Banquet

No one could have asked for a more unpretentious prolific pop band than the Go-Betweens. *16 Lover's Lane*, a sweeping album that would mark the group's curtain, was their finest accomplishment. But just as these Australians matured into a band of great character and class, after ten years, the Go-Betweens were no longer.

Fortunately, the group's main frontman, Grant McLennan, has remained productive. In an odd musical hybrid, he collaborated with The Church's Steve Kilbey earlier this year for a project called Jack Frost (the two produced some brilliant, though subdued, material together), and now comes G.W. McLennan's first solo album, *Watershed*.

A lot of the ingredients here are reminiscent of the Go-Betweens: soulful melodies fueled by a bouncy acoustic guitar, lyrics that are intimate, introspective, and sometimes surprisingly twisted ("He hung around her like a baby sitter/ She rubbed his face in kitty litter"). And, of course, there's McLennan's, um, distinctive voice. Actually, he sings as well as writes and performs, with such sincerity that it makes his quirky voice that much more affectionate.

However, the Go-Betweens worked so well as a group that he seems to have lost some fine backing. A few of the cuts on Watershed, like "Haven't I Been a Fool," "Haunted House," and "Dream About Tomorrow," sound like great leftovers from *16 Lover's Lane*. But largely, the album plays like Grant McLennan with An Anonymous Backing Band (one reason "Putting the Wheels Back" on sounds so horrendously cheap). For diversity, there's the country-tinged "Just Get That Straight," "Broadway Bride," and "Stones For You" are as haunting as his Jack Frost contributions.

For the most part, *Watershed* is a wonderful album. It's just that it's only a great work from someone who could be excellent. Unfortunately, we may not see that part of McLennan again until he finds some collaborators, like the Go-Betweens or Steve Kilbey, who can complement his striking talents.

Cameron Riches

Heathen
Victims of Deception

The first six songs on this record involve the willingness of the greater populous to accept religious practices without scrutiny— kind of an overdone theme. But the music that is incorporated into the delivery of the message is worth listening to for its own sake. A lot of catchy riffs, played through a lethal guitar sound, and great vocals help this release to be the one I would suggest for any fan of aggressive music. How can you go wrong with a band who shows so much technical skill, musical diversity and integrity? Answer: you can't.

Braden Zrno

Fela Anikulapo Kuti
Original Sufferhead
Schanachie

This man and his excellent band put on an excellent live show here last month. Although many may have found his dialogue between sets uncomfortably sexist and long-winded, it was a great show full of great music.

Original Sufferhead is a re-release of material from '81-'84, and two of the tracks, "Sorrow, Tears and Blood" and "ITT," have a very similar feel to two other Fela songs: "Unnecessary Begging" and "No Burredi," (sorry, I don't know the name of the album that these are off of). Fela songs are always very long, rarely ever less than 10 minutes and sometimes more than 20, but that's definitely a good thing with the irresistible grooves this man lays down. And the message is as strong as the groove: to resist the abuses of authority, to treat the poor and oppressed with respect and compassion, and to fight the corruption of money and politics with our voices and our understanding. Deep throated proselytizing amidst the swirl of an Afrobeat/jazz/funk, guitar and horn lines entwining about each other.

A Voice of Dissent

Anacrusis
Manic Impressions
Metal Blade Records

A new wave in heavy metal thrash... Anacrusis consists of four talented musicians (Kenn Nardi/vocals and left guitar, John Emery/bass, Kevin Hiedbreader/right guitar, Chad Smith/drums) who create a very heavy death metal sound. Ken Nardi's exceptional voice, with which he sings intelligent, thoughtful lyrics, gives the band a hardcore effect. Their riffs can only be explained as ranging from very speedy to a more slowed down grinding sound. Although Anacrusis is a thrash band it does not neglect the mello aspects of thrash, with a lot of acoustic guitar, heavy bass, and a good drum beat. The music is great. Comparing Anacrusis to other bands, I would have to say it's a cross between Death Angel and Slayer. Anacrusis—definitely to be a contender very soon.

Jayson Prefontaine

Xentrix
Dilute To Taste
Road Racer

This release consists of two studio tracks and four recorded live. The two done in the studio reflect a musically talented band with a lot of flowing tempo changes and well-structured solos. Between the two tracks are modifications done to both the guitar and drum sounds to fit the atmosphere of the two songs. The other side contains some excited, and very vocal, fans along with a cover of "Ghostbusters." The guitars harmonize in an Iron Maiden fashion, but there's a rawness here that Maiden has never had. The mediocrity of the recording is the only dimension that didn't appeal to me about *Dilute To Taste*. Do you like British Metal delivered with fury? Welcome home.

Braden Zrno

BY TARA SLOAN

Here is the latest edition of Future Rap. With the release of the kickin' film *Boyz'n the Hood* came the slammin' compilation with some real dope stuff! Sure there are the few tracks for those R&B fans, such as: "Me and You," by Tony!Toni!Toné!, and "Just Ask Me Too," by Tevin Campbell, but then comes the REAL tunes by such brothers as Ice Cube, Compton's Most Wanted, 2 Live Crew, Kam, and Main Source. The production is definitely on the up-and-up, and fly ballistics are being dropped. Even the ladies, Yo-Yo speakin' on the issue of her Down-Ass Mama, and Monie Love urgin' all to "Work it Out," the vibes are generatin' and evidently perpetratin' the soul. If you are looking for a great compilation with all "the latest," (and there are 14 tracks), bustin' their rhymes, then this is a pick-up not to drop! Boyz'n the Hood paints a picture of the rough conditions that those less fortunate must face in certain areas. It reconfirms the issues raised in the movie which, then, one should get a chance to check out and absorb.

DJ Quik... the name sound vaguely familiar? *Quik is the Name*, is the title of this brother's album. This 1991 release contains 13 hits and is on Profile Records. The lyrical expression is flowin', there is a wide variety in styles, the tracks are all produced well, with lots of breaks and changes in speed and rhythm, and the man's got it goin' on! Several of the songs are already boomin' in the dance halls, these being: "Sweet Black Pussy," "Tonite," "Born and Raised in Compton," and a popular hit not found in the release, "Bitch Better Have My Money!" Quik also throws in a reggae tune called, "Tha Bombudd," which talks of his addiction to smokin' da joint. Gettin' a little nastier is Quik's explicit love ballad, "I Got That Feeling." But my personal is, "Loked Out Hood." This album is far from disappointing. Quik is obviously a very talented man who actually produced all his tracks, with a bit of additional help only on "8 Ball." Talk of dope-dealin', free wheelin', booze-consumin', and drug abusin', is what the majority of this gangsta's lyrics involve. The words are thrown together smooth and quick, or fast, though sometimes slow'n'flowin, and the pace is always just right...QUIK IS THE NAME.

While we're on the topic of gangsters, on RAP-A-LOT records the **Geto Boys** have come out with their newest CD, *We Can't be Stopped*. I guess to put it lightly some of the songs are rather controversial as far as lyrical content is concerned. But then again this is the Geto Boys we are talking about, and this is simply to be expected. The cover of this release shows Bushwick Bill looking less than attractive. Apparently, in Houston, it was said, that after downing 190% proof Everclear, Bushwick, feeling extremely suicidal, tried to have his girlfriend shoot him, and in the struggle the trigger, accidently pulled, went BANG! straight into Bushwick's right eye. This is the lovely sight we get to see; Bushwick, talking on his cellular, with his gauze patch hanging down, and his eye almost hanging out! Sick! Maybe this is cool to some... but I don't know about that! Anyways other than the attention-grabbing sleeve, the CD is pretty good. Somehow though *Grip It On That Other Level* had more... flavour? The beginning of the CD starts off with a tune called, "We Can't be Stopped" which tells of the trouble the Geto Boys went through while trying to release their album. Obstacles such as lawyers trying to take them to court, manufacturers not wanting to press the discs, promoters taking away tour dates, radio, talk shows and magazines banning the crew, and further events took place but did not stop this album from coming out...strong! One song titles, "Chuckie," is a gruesome song with plenty of violent description in it. It is cleverly written and is obviously directed towards the PMRC, showing the effect that "Child's Play" and other such horror movies has on the public. PMRC is always so busy trying to clamp down on rap acts, but the fact is that a lot of these horror films are ten times as vicious, and disgusting, and influential towards its viewers. "1/2 my body is Chuckie, the other 1/2 Bushwick," states that the movie has caused Bushwick to become 1/2 insane due to the overpowering influence the movie has had on his brain. Samples from "Child's Play", are in the song, and eerie music also runs through the track. "Mind Playing Tricks On Me," seems to be one of the better tracks, or maybe this is just one of the more air-playable pieces. "F— War," isn't bad either. The message being portrayed is that it is a waste of time and lives to fight for 2 people's mistakes. The Godfather of Soul, James Brown, in his song Funky President, had said the same thing around the time of the Vietnam War. Now it's Iraq, but it's still pointless to go to war. Geto Boys say, "I ain't going to war for a shit talking President!" In one of the songs we discover the true personality of the members. I believe it's titled "I'm Not A Gentleman." The track starts off with a sample from "Ladies First," then Willie Dee cuts in, stating that that's a load of crap. He's from the ghetto, and is not a motherfucking gentleman. Of course he says that he treats a lady like a lady (a bitch like a bitch, etc.). This explicit CD also has its rude and crude tracks too, but I won't get into that. If you dig the Geto Boys, based on their previous album, then chances are you will somewhat dig *We Can't be Stopped*. It's awright.

Hah! Hah! Hah! Who's next to step up and get reviewed? Here's a little something I can guarantee you is not worth your while to purchase. Giant Records recording artists...**Icy Blu**! This young female is not correct. Upon first listening to this performer who has had all her production, mixing and lyrical contents arranged by someone else! The production fits into the formula of be-boppish teen bubblegum tunes. The music is polished to the point of commercial syndrome overdose! To recite the lyrics written takes no talent at all and there is absolutely nothing being said. Some particularly irritating songs are, "It's Your Birthday," and "He's Got It Going On." If you're into rap music, you'll find this release to be an insult. There are nine songs in total, which are nine songs too many! (Wack!)

The Ruler's Back... **Slick Rick**'s back on the scene with his 12 track release. Slick Rick raps along in his famous rollin' style. His first 12", "I Shouldn't Have Done It," appears on the album. In "Bond," Rick goes on an adventures as though he were James Bond. Flavour samples are thrown in, as well as horns and some scratching. "Moses," is a hit where he tries to school his listeners about Moses in a rap style that is easy to comprehend. With sample from "Indian Girl," off his previous album comes the tune, "Tonto." On a more serious tip, Rick changes styles and falls into a depressed voice telling of the "Mistakes of a Woman in Love with Other Men." Another sad-toned rap is displayed in, "Run Away" where he talks of knowing that his girl is gonna run away to another man. He asks "How can he live to serve this next day?..." Slick Rick flows in his same old style not needing to pause for air anytime that I could tell. To conclude his release a housed-up version of "The Ruler," is tossed on the end. He talks through a speaker and lets the bass line and thumpin' bass drum take its toll. Go Slick Rick!!!

From Houston, Texas on RAP-A-LOT Records, is **Choice**, with *The Big Payback*. This female MC takes no shorts! In the first track she manages to diss and dismiss such rappers as Eazy-E, Ice Cube, Dre and Yella, Willie Dee and the other members of the Geto Boys, and as a finale, saves Too Short for last. Throughout the next tracks we find out that she is not some materialistic bitch and is down with her man 100%, "Back Seat Betty," is a song discussing the problem of girls who start young, messin' around with players and drugs. Rumors fly and self-respect seems to leave with it. It is sad how these girls get played, turn to drugs, and keep on in the game where they are always the loser. No joke. Choice explains, "I talk nasty but I'm no whore!" Funky horns end this track. The second side of The Big Payback is a lot nastier than the first. On the first side some intelligent lyrics are kickin', but on the other side sex, sex, sex, is all you hear. From "Mr. Big Stuff," to "Pipe Dreams,: to "Cat got your Tongue," it's plain to see this is one horny bitch. Most rhymes, overall, are well-written, with the exception of a few instances where it seems ad lib has saved Choice from doing are-take. She actually sounds like a female Bushwick, if that is possible, and has a good voice for rappin'. This woman knows how to throw down, so beware... and when you're out at the record store askin' yourself what to buy, make this your CHOICE.

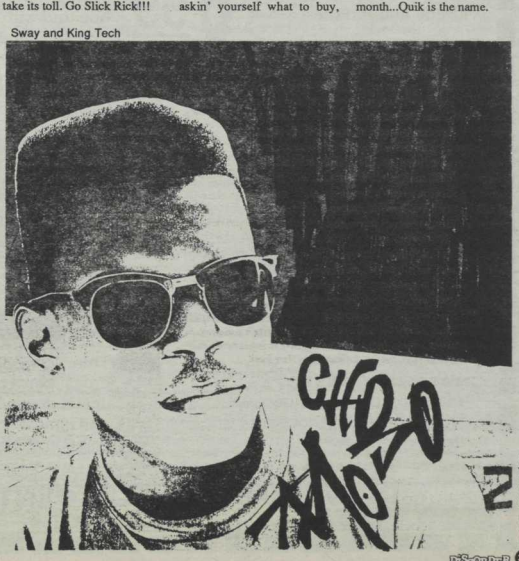
A single just received at CJTR is that of **Missy Mist**. The release is called, "Let the Good Times Roll," and has several mixes on it. The song is very basic, and until further tracks have been released, no review is in check.

Two other recent recordings have also not really interested me but seeing that they are here, I have no choice but to mention them. **Sway & King Tech**, with *Concrete Jungle* has hit, The majority of the songs feature King Tech, not as rapper but producer, mixer, etc. The raps lack originality, something that is becoming a real bonus nowadays. It separates the real artists from those out only to hit the charts and make a quick buck or two. I'm not saying that this is what these boys are up to, but it is quite noticeable that King Tech dominates the tracks. The production is clear and concise and there are plenty of samples in the mixes. "Concrete Jungle," has samples from Grandmaster Flash's "The Message"... "It's like a jungle sometimes" and another well known sample from the Eagles.

Downtown Science has also come out with a full release, but I have not had a chance to listen to all of it. It is also very high in production quality and sounds rather sterile in many areas. The style seems more suited for commercial radio airplay.

As for the rapper this month...Quik is the name.

Sway and King Tech



Sam the Record Man

CANADA'S LARGEST AND BEST KNOWN RECORD STORES

CAUTION ! STREET NOIZE

RICHARD THOMPSON
"Rumor and Sigh"

14 sterling new songs, and teems with types dear to its author's pen: drunks, lovers, and lunatics.

8.99 CASS

NEW! **TIMBUK 3**
"Big Shot in the Dark"

"It's the first one we produced entirely ourselves, plus, it's a bigger production and with a new band" -Pat McDonald.

15.99 C.D.

SCHOOL OF FISH
"School of Fish"

An intriguing album of songs both idealistic and sardonic, all about innocence, guilt, dependency, messed-up relationships, and turtles.

NEW! **DAVE SHARP**
"Hard Travellin'"

Guitarist from the alarm...music with a grass-roots approach. A bluesy, folk journey you'll not soon forget.

BARBIE BONES
"Brake for Nobody"

This Norwegian band is a cross between the Cult, Jesus Jones, heavy metal and almost everything else you can think of.

GOLDEN THROATS
"More Celebrity Rock Oddities"

Hear Bing Crosby sing "Hey Jude", Jack Jones sing "Dixie Chicken", Phyllis Diller sing "Satisfaction", and more.

DOWNTOWN *568 SEYMOUR ST.* | **EATON CENTRE** *METROTOWN* | **RICHMOND** *CENTRE* | **SURREY** *PLACE*

30 FRI **CITR PRESENTS ME, MOM & MORGENTALER WITH PALEFACE AT THE COMMODORE.... CITR PRESENTS THE MINT IS A TERRIBLE THING TO TASTE WITH WINDWALKER, TANK-HOG AND FACEPULLER AT THE CRUEL ELEPHANT.... Prairie Oyster** at 86 Street... **Najma Akhtar** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Tempest** at the WISE Hall... **Original Sinners** at the Yale... **Lisle Ellis Ensemble** at the Glass Slipper... **Ellen McIlwaine Band** at the Railway... **Glen Stace** and **One Big Union** at the Town Pump.... **Amy Grant** at the Coliseum... Aaron Van Dyke's exhibition **Greek Sculpture Fragments** and Laurel Woodcock's exhibition **Interval** at Artspeak (until the 21st)... Michael Letzring's exhibition **Western Vistas** at the Community Arts Council Gallery (until the 7th)... **Band on the Beach** at Vanier Park... Patrick Mahoney's exhibition **Home: Transplanted Mundi** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (until the 23rd)... **23rd Annual Tournee of Animation** opens at the Starlight Cinema (until the 9th, 7pm & 9pm)... **The Comfort of Strangers** (7:30pm) and **Betrayal** (9:35pm) at the Ridge... **Viridiana** (7:30pm) and **El Topo** (9:15pm) at the Cinematheque...

31 SAT **CITR PRESENTS HOODOO GURUS AT THE COMMODORE... Original Sinners** at the Yale.... **Ellen McIlwaine Band** at the Railway... **Inside Outside** at the Glass Slipper... **Glen Stace** and **One Big Union** at the Town Pump... **Skaboom** at 86 Street... **Band on the Beach** at Vanier Park... **23rd Annual Tournee of Animation** at the Starlight Cinema (7pm & 9pm)... **The Comfort of Strangers** (7:30pm) and **Betrayal** (9:35pm) at the Ridge... **Viridiana** (7:30pm) and **El Topo** (9:15pm) at the Cinematheque...

1 SUN **Coffin Break** with **Little Joe** at the Cruel Elephant (all-ages show at 3:30pm)... **The Unknown** at the Railway... **The House** at the Orpheum... **23rd Annual Tournee of Animation** at the Starlight Cinema (7pm & 9pm)... **The Comfort of Strangers** (7:30pm) and **Betrayal** (9:35pm) at the Ridge...

2 MON **CITR ALTERNATIVE NIGHT AT THE PIT PUB... Celebrity Skin, Close Pump, Love Junction** and **Charles on Charges** at Club Soda... **Harpdog Brown** at the Yale... **Party Pigs** at Maximum Blues Pub... **23rd Annual Tournee of Animation** at the Starlight Cinema (7pm & 9pm)... **Dances with Wolves** (8pm) at the Ridge...

3 TUE **School starts!!... CITR FUNK NIGHT AT THE PIT PUB.... Last Corvairs** at the UBC SUB Plaza (12:30pm)... **Jet** with **Mother Trucker** at the Cruel Elephant... **Juice Monkeys, Gorilla Gorilla, Dogzilla** and **It at Club Soda**... **Maria Tegger** from LA at the Railway... **Party Pigs** at Maximum Blues Pub... **Harpdog Brown** at the Yale... Julie Hoy's landscape exhibition **Back to Nature** at A Walk Is... (until the 30th)... **23rd Annual Tournee of Animation** at the Starlight Cinema (7pm & 9pm)... **Dances with Wolves** (8pm) at the Ridge... Poetry Reading by **Ernesto Cardenal** at the Unitarian Church...

4 WED **CITR HOT WEDNESDAYS AT THE PIT PUB.... Soul Survivors** at the UBC SUB Plaza (12:30pm)... **Cat's Game** with **Rusty Nails** at the Cruel Elephant... **Morla Tepper** at the Railway... **Locos** at the Town Pump... **Jimmy Cliff** at the Commodore... **Carmen Rogues, The Explorers,** and **Elbow James** and the **Hipshakers** at 86 Street... **Acoustic Folks** at the WISE Hall... **Harpdog Brown** at the Yale... **Party Pigs** at Maximum Blues Pub... **23rd Annual Tournee of Animation** at the Starlight Cinema (7pm & 9pm)... **The Vanishing** (7:30pm) and **The Man Who Knew Too Much** (9:30pm) at the Ridge...

5 THU **CITR PRESENTS PAPA WEMBA AT SATURNO SUPPER CLUB... CITR ROCK THURSDAYS AT THE PIT PUB... Rumplestelskin** at the UBC SUB Plaza (12:30pm)... **The Tailgators** at the Town Pump... **Doce Pump** at the Cruel Elephant... **Sacred Hearts** at the Railway... **The Nighthawks** with **Gary Floyd** at 86 Street... **Jim Bymes** at the Yale... **Mud Bay Blues Band** at Maximum Blues Pub... **A Coat of Many Colours: Two Centuries of Jewish Life in Canada** opens at the Museum of Anthropology (until November 11th)... **The Annual Fringe Festival** opens in Mount Pleasant (until the 15th)... **23rd Annual Tournee of Animation** at the Starlight Cinema (7pm & 9pm)... **The Vanishing** (7:30pm) and **The Man Who Knew Too Much** (9:30pm) at the Ridge...

6 FRI **CITR PRESENTS PAPA WEMBA AT SATURNO SUPPER CLUB... Cluster Flux** with **Paste** and **Mickey Christ** at the Cruel Elephant... **UBC AMS Welcome Back Barbecue** with **Roots Rosidup** (noon), **Spin Doctors** (1:30 pm), **Maestro Fresh Wes** (3pm), **Hot Ass Minets** (4:30pm), and **Sarcastic Mosquitos** (6pm) at McInnis Field (noon-8pm)... **Sacred Hearts** at the Railway... **Roots Rosidup** with **Spin Doctors, Atlantis Sus, Kathleen Yearwood** and **Cheryl De Guerre** at the Commodore... **Hard Rock Miners** at the Town Pump... **Ron Kalmakoff** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Mud Bay Blues Band** at Maximum Blues Pub... **Sheri-D Wilson** at the Grunt Gallery... **Open Stage/Jam Session** at the UBC Grad Centre Fireside Lounge... **Trooper** at 86 Street... **Jim Bymes** at the Yale... **The 7th Annual Fringe Festival** continues in Mount Pleasant... **23rd Annual Tournee of Animation** at the Starlight Cinema (7pm & 9pm)... **Thelma & Louise** (7pm) and **Atlantic City** (9:30pm) at the Ridge...

7 SAT **Hard Rock Miners** at the Town Pump... **Chris Houston** and **His Evil Twang** at the Cruel Elephant... **Oh Yeah** at the Railway... **One Riddim** at the Commodore... **Trooper** at 86 Street... **Jim Bymes** at the Yale... **Lisle Ellis Ensemble** at the Orpheum... **Ron Kalmakoff** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Mud Bay Blues Band** at Maximum Blues Pub... **Madeleine Morris** at the Grunt Gallery... **Third Annual Brazilian Independence Fiesta** at the Maritime Hall... **Country Dance** with **Marlene Rae & Cousin Gizmo** at the WISE Hall... **Western Vistas** exhibition closes at the Community Arts Council Gallery... **The 7th Annual Fringe Festival** continues in Mount Pleasant... **23rd Annual Tournee of Animation** at the Starlight Cinema (7pm & 9pm)... **Thelma & Louise** (7pm) and **Atlantic City** (9:30pm) at the Ridge...

8 SUN **Hedgehog** at the Cruel Elephant... **The Strangers** at the Railway... **Tom Cora & Catherine Jauniaux** at the Western Front... **Diane Wood** at the Grunt Gallery... **The 7th Annual Fringe Festival** continues in Mount Pleasant... **23rd Annual Tournee of Animation** at the Starlight Cinema (7pm & 9pm)... **Thelma & Louise** (7pm) and **Atlantic City** (9:30pm) at the Ridge... **Vancouver Record Collectors Association Record & CD Sale** at the Kitsilano Community Centre... **British & European Car Meet** at the Museum of Flight & Transportation... **10th Annual Indian Summer All-Pony Roundup** at Spanish Banks Beach... **Doce Around** (7pm) and **Backdraft** (9:30pm) at UBC SUB Auditorium...

9 MON **CITR ALTERNATIVE NIGHT AT THE PIT PUB.... Oliver and the Elements** at the Yale... **Intruder, Aragathor** and **Stone the Crow** at Club Soda... **The Mike Jacobs Band** at Maximum Blues Pub... **Jasmila's Smile** at the Grunt Gallery... **The 7th Annual Fringe Festival** continues in Mount Pleasant... **23rd Annual Tournee of Animation** at the Starlight Cinema (7pm & 9pm)... **The Vanishing** (7:30pm) and **The Man Who Knew Too Much** (9:30pm) at the Ridge...

10 TUE **CITR FUNK NIGHT AT THE PIT PUB.... Ziggy Marley & the Melody Makers** with **Crystal Waters** at the Orpheum... **Kathleen Yearwood** at the Railway... **Dead Surf Kiss, Culture Shock, Dr Unknowns** and **Sycotic Jamnation** at Club Soda... **David Revel** at the Yale... **The Mike Jacobs Band** at the Maximum Blues Pub... **Travis Tritt** at 86 Street... **Yvonne Parent** at the Grunt Gallery... **The 7th Annual Fringe Festival** continues in Mount Pleasant... **Thelma & Louise** (7pm) and **Atlantic City** (9:30pm) at the Ridge... **23rd Annual Tournee of Animation** at the Starlight Cinema (7pm & 9pm)... **UBC Frosh Week** continues...

11 WED **CITR HOT WEDNESDAYS AT THE PIT PUB... Shine** with **The Indecisives** at the Cruel Elephant... **Acoustic Folks** at the WISE Hall... **Kathleen Yearwood** at the Railway... **David Raven** at the Yale... **The Mike Jacobs Band** at the Maximum Blues Pub... **Maxine Gadd** at the Grunt Gallery... **William BR Hind's exhibition The Picton Sketchbook** opens at the Vancouver Art Gallery (until Nov 4th)... **The 7th Annual Fringe Festival** continues in Mount Pleasant... **The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover** (7pm) and **Paper Mask** (9:25pm) at the Ridge... **23rd Annual Tournee of Animation** at the Starlight Cinema (7pm & 9pm)... **Heat & Sunlight** with **Deaf to the City** at the UBC SUB Auditorium...

12 THU **CITR ROCK THURSDAYS AT THE PIT PUT.... Hippy Big Buckle, The Sapiens** and **Lady Jugs-o-Plant** at the Cruel Elephant... **David Raven** at the Yale... **Green House** at the Railway... **The Mike Jacobs Band** at the Maximum Blues Pub... **Margaret Dragu** at the Grunt Gallery... **The 7th Annual Fringe Festival** continues in Mount Pleasant... **The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover** (7pm) and **Paper Mask** (9:25pm) at the Ridge... **23rd Annual Tournee of Animation** at the Starlight Cinema (7pm & 9pm)... **Heat & Sunlight** with **Deaf to the City** at the UBC SUB Auditorium... **UBC Frosh Week** continues...

13 FRI **David Gogo & the Persuaders** at the Commodore... **David Raven** at the Yale... **David Essig** at the WISE Hall... **Green House** at the Railway... **Skaboom** at 86 Street... **Sloaters** and the **Nervous Fellas** at the UBC Grad Centre Banquet Room... **The Mike Jacobs Band** at the Maximum Blues Pub... **Sandra Lockwood** at the Grunt Gallery... **The 7th Annual Fringe Festival** continues in Mount Pleasant... **Jungle Fever** (7pm) and **Do the Right Thing** (9:35pm) at the Ridge... **Truth or Dare** (7pm) and **The Doors** (9:30pm) at UBC SUB Auditorium... **UBC Frosh Week** Closing Ceremonial Fireworks (midnight)...

14 SAT **CITR PRESENTS DJ SOUND WAY CHAPTER TWO AT THE SUB BALLROOM (6PM)... 64 Funny Cars** with **Like Rain** at the Cruel Elephant... **Green House** at the Railway... **David Raven** at the Yale... **Vince Gill** at the Commodore... Greenpeace 20th Anniversary at the Orpheum with **Billy Bragg, Farnon, Ana Morillos, Chilliwack, Bourne & MacLeod, Garnet Rogers** and **African Heritage**... **The Mike Jacobs Band** at the Maximum Blues Pub... **Elizabeth Fisher** at the Grunt Gallery... **Royal City Youth Ballet's Cinderella** at the Queen Elizabeth Playhouse... **The 7th Annual Fringe Festival** continues in Mount Pleasant... **Jungle Fever** (7pm) and **Do the Right Thing** (9:35pm) at the Ridge... **Truth or Dare** (7pm) and **The Doors** (9:30pm) at UBC SUB Auditorium... **World Flower Bulb Week** begins (until the 21st)...

15 SUN **CITR PRESENTS DJ SOUND WAR CHAPTER TWO AT THE SUB BALLROOM (6PM)... Spoken World/Poetry Night** at the Cruel Elephant... **Rock Stock '91** with **Strawberry Alarm Clock, 5 Man Electrical Band, Sugarloaf, Kelly Joy & Crowbar, Spencer Davis Group, War, Mark Farner** with **Grand Funk Railroad** at Plaza of Nations (noon)... **Alice Tepezcuintle** at the Grunt Gallery... **The 7th Annual Fringe Festival** continues in Mount Pleasant... **Jungle Fever** (7pm) and **Do the Right Thing** (9:35pm) at the Ridge... **Truth or Dare** (7pm) and **The Doors** (9:30pm) at UBC SUB Auditorium... **World Flower Bulb Week** continues...

16 MON **CITR PRESENTS ROUND ONE OF SHINDIG '91 THAT LOCAL BAND COMPETITION FROM CITR AT THE RAILWAY... CITR ALTERNATIVE NIGHT AT THE PIT PUB... Sacrifice, Caustic Thought, The Axis** and **Know Idea** at Club Soda... **Oliver and the Elements** at the Yale... **The Terry Edmonds Band** at the Maximum Blues Band... **Beyond the Fringe** opens at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (until the 21st)... **Paris Trout** (7:30pm) and **Badlands** (9:25pm) at the Ridge... **World Flower Bulb Week** continues...

17 TUE **CITR FUNK NIGHT AT THE PIT PUB.... Fringe Festival Volunteer Appreciated Night** at the Cruel Elephant... **Groove Ranch** with **Symmetry** at the Railway... **The Bodeans** at 86 Street... **Thunder** at Club Soda... **Oliver and the Elements** at the Yale... **The Terry Edmonds Band** at the Maximum Blues Band... **Beyond the Fringe** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Paris Trout** (7:30pm) and **Badlands** (9:25pm) at the Ridge... **World Flower Bulb Week** continues...

18 WED **CITR HOT WEDNESDAYS AT THE PIT PUB... Slip Shods** at the Railway... **Show Business Giants** with **Only In Victoria** at the Cruel Elephant... **Don Reid with Time & Rhythm** at the Glass Slipper... **Oliver and the Elements** at the Yale... **The Terry Edmonds Band** at the Maximum Blues Band... **Clarence Gatemouth Brown** at the Backstage (Seattle)... **5th of July** opens at the Frederic Wood Theatre (until the 28th)... **Beyond the Fringe** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Open Doors** (7:15pm) and **Cinema Paradiso** (9:25pm) at the Ridge... **World Flower Bulb Week** continues...

19 THU **CITR ROCK THURSDAYS AT THE PIT PUB... Ovarian Trolly** with **Sugar Boom** at the Cruel Elephant... **The Heretics** at the Railway... **Al Walker Blues Band** at the Yale... **The Terry Edmonds Band** at the Maximum Blues Band... **Judith Marcuse Dance Company** at the Vancouver Playhouse... **5th of July** continues at the Frederic Wood Theatre... **Beyond the Fringe** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Open Doors** (7:15pm) and **Cinema Paradiso** (9:25pm) at the Ridge... **5th of July** opens at the Frederic Wood Theatre (until the 28th)... **World Flower Bulb Week** continues...

20 FRI **Linda Gorilla** at the Cruel Elephant... **The Heretics** at the Railway... **Al Walker Blues Band** at the Yale... **The Terry Edmonds Band** at the Maximum Blues Band... **Judith Marcuse Dance Company** at the Vancouver Playhouse... **5th of July** continues at the Frederic Wood Theatre... **Beyond the Fringe** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Defending Your Life** (7pm) and **New Jack City** (9:30pm) at the UBC SUB Auditorium... **World Flower Bulb Week** continues...

21 SAT **The Squirrels** with **Sarcastic Mannequins** at the Cruel Elephant... **The Heretics** at the Railway... **Garnet Rogers** at the WISE Hall... **Roger Whittaker** at the Orpheum... **Roger Baird** and **Real Time** at the Glass Slipper... **Al Walker Blues Band** at the Yale... **The Terry Edmonds Band** at the Maximum Blues Band... **Greek Sculpture Fragments** exhibition and **Interval** exhibition closes at Artspeak... **Judith Marcuse Dance Company** at the Vancouver Playhouse... **5th of July** continues at the Frederic Wood Theatre... **Beyond the Fringe** closes at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Defending Your Life** (7pm) and **New Jack City** (9:30pm) at the UBC SUB Auditorium... **World Flower Bulb Week** ends...

22 SUN **9 Pound Hammer** with **Tankhog** at the Cruel Elephant... **Frank Frink 5** at the Railway... **Garnet Rogers** at the WISE Hall... **Roger Whittaker** at the Orpheum... **5th of July** continues at the Frederic Wood Theatre... **Defending Your Life** (7pm) and **New Jack City** (9:30pm) at the UBC SUB Auditorium...

23 MON **CITR PRESENTS ROUND ONE OF SHINDIG '91 AT THE RAILWAY... CITR ALTERNATIVE NIGHT at the Pit Pub... Malhavoc** with **Womb Service** at Club Soda... **Clarence Gatemouth Brown** at the Yale... **5th of July** continues at the Frederic Wood Theatre...

24 TUE **CITR FUNK NIGHT AT THE PIT PUB... Rootebeggas** at the Railway... **5th of July** continues at the Frederic Wood Theatre...

25 WED **CITR HOT WEDNESDAYS AT THE PIT PUB... Rootebeggas** at the Railway... **Environment Benefit** at the Cruel Elephant... **Papa Wemba** at the Backstage (Seattle)... **A Change for the Different** at the Vancouver Little Theatre... **5th of July** continues at the Frederic Wood Theatre... **Without You, I'm Nothing** with **Water & Paper** at the UBC SUB Auditorium...

26 THU **CITR PRESENTS THE SHUFFLE DEMONS WITH ROOTS ROUNDUP AT THE COMMODORE... CITR ROCK THURSDAYS AT THE PIT PUB... Sister Lovers** at the Cruel Elephant... **Jazz** from Sweden with **Arne Domnerus Trio, Putte Wickman Quartet,** and **Milder & Jansson Quartet** at the Glass Slipper... **A Change for the Different** at the Vancouver Little Theatre... **The Razzle Dazzle Comedy Club** opens at Hendry Hall (until Oct 12th)... **5th of July** continues at the Frederic Wood Theatre...

27 FRI **The Sweaters** with **Touch 'n' Gos** and **BUM** at the Cruel Elephant... **Condition** from Montreal at the Railway... Jazz from Sweden with **Arne Domnerus Trio, Putte Wickman Quartet,** and **Milder & Jansson Quartet** at the Glass Slipper... **The Valentinos, The Braineaters, Kiss Kiss & Bang** and **Touch & Gos** at the Town Pump... **A Change for the Different** at the Vancouver Little Theatre... **5th of July** continues at the Frederic Wood Theatre... **Hudson Hawk** (7pm) and **Silence of the Lambs** (9:30pm) at the UBC SUB Auditorium...

28 SAT **Bone Club** with **Hitting Birth** at the Cruel Elephant... **Bedlam Rovers** with **Wanna Be Texans** from San Francisco at the Railway... **Electric Bossa Band** at the WISE Hall... **Bill Smith & Bill Little** at the Western Front... Jazz from Sweden with **Arne Domnerus Trio, Putte Wickman Quartet,** and **Milder & Jansson** Quartet at the Glass Slipper... **A Change for the Different** at the Vancouver Little Theatre... **5th of July** continues at the Frederic Wood Theatre... **Hudson Hawk** (7pm) and **Silence of the Lambs** (9:30pm) at the UBC SUB Auditorium...

29 SUN **The Bedlam Rovers** at the Cruel Elephant... **Frank Frink 5** at the Railway... **David Alan Grier** and **Mark Curry** at the WWU Carver Gymnasium (Bellingham)... **Hudson Hawk** (7pm) and **Silence of the Lambs** (9:30pm) at the UBC SUB Auditorium... **Walk for AIDS '91...**

30 MON **CITR PRESENTS ROUND ONE OF SHINDIG '91 AT THE RAILWAY... CITR Alternative Night at the Pit Pub... Fake It Big Timewith False Witness** at Club Soda... **Back to Nature** exhibition closes at A Walk Is... ...

Venues that follow that are in capital letters are those that have advertisements in this month's issue that give more detailed listings and information about their respective establishments.

NIGHTCLUBS/GIG VENUES
Glass Slipper 185 E 11th 877.0066
CLUB SODA 1055 HOMER 681.8202
Commodore Ballroom 870 Granville 681.7838
CRUEL ELEPHANT 1176 GRANVILLE 688.8748
86 Street Music Hall Plaza of Nations 683.8687
Graceland 1250 Richards 688.2848
Hogans Alley 730 Main 689.8645
La Quena 1111 Commercial 251.6626
LUNATIC FRINGE 315 BROADWAY 876.7003
Maritime Hall 111 Victoria 254.1692
MAXIMUM BLUES PUB 1176 GRANVILLE 688.6571
PIT PUB BASEMENT UBC SUB 822.6511
Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir 681.1625
The Roxy 932 Granville 684.7699
TWILIGHT ZONE 7 ALEXANDER 682.8550
UBC Grad Centre 6371 Crescent 733.1303
UBC School of Music 6361 Memorial 822.3113
Vancouver East Cultural Centre 1895 Venables 254.9578

W.I.S.E. Club 1882 Adanac 736.3022
THE YALE 1300 GRANVILLE 681.9253

GALLERIES/EXHIBITION SPACES
A Walk Is... 976 Denman 682.0060
Artspeak Gallery 311 W Hastings 688.0051
Burnaby Village Museum 6501 Deer Lake (Burnaby) 293.6500
Community Arts Council 837 Davie 683.4358
Emily Carr Sch. of Art & Design Granville Isl 844.3811
56 Gallery 56 Powell 684.7387
Found Art Gallery 528 Powell 253.1033
Grunt Gallery 209 E 6th 875.9516
Pitt International Galleries 36 Powell 681.6740
Presentation House Gallery 333 Chesterfield (N Van) 986.1351
Smash Gallery 160 W Cordova 662.7200
UBC AMS Fine Arts Gallery UBC SUB
Teck Gallery SFU Harbour Centre 291.5126
UBC Asian Centre 1871 West Mall 822.2746

UBC Fine Arts Gallery UBC Main Library 922.2759
UBC Museum of Anthropology 6393 NW Marine 822.5087
Vancouver Art Gallery 750 Hornby 682.5621
VECC Gallery 1895 Venables 254.9578
Vancouver Maritime Museum 1905 Ogden 737.2212
Western Front 303 East 8th 876.9343

THEATRES
Arts Club Backstage Granville Island 687.1644
Arts Club Granville Island Granville Island 687.1644
Back Alley Theatre 751 Thurlow 688.7013
Dorothy Somerset Studio basement 6354 Crescent 822.2678
Firehall Arts Centre 280 E Cordova 689.0926
Frederic Wood Theatre 6354 Crescent 822.2678
Hendry Hall 815 E 11th (N Van) 983.2633
Presentation House 333 Chesterfield (N Van) 986.1351
Studio 58 Langara Campus VCC 324.5227

Waterfront Theatre Granville Island 685.6217

CINEMAS
Dolphin Cinema 4555 E Hastings (Burnaby) 293.0321
Dunbar 4555 Dunbar 228.9912
Hollywood 3123 W Broadway 738.3211
The Lux 57 E Hastings 687.7589
Pacific Cinematheque 1131 Howe 688.3456
PARADISE CINEMA 919 GRANVILLE 681.1732
Ridge Theatre 3131 Arbutus 738.6311
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman 689.0096
Stanley 2750 Granville 733.2622
SUB Auditorium UBC SUB 822.3697
Varsity 4375 W 10th 222.2235

OTHER SPACES
Kitsilano Community Centre 2690 Larch 324-1229
Science World 1455 Quebec 687.8414
UBC Gallery Lounge UBC SUB 822.4508

UBC AMS GAMES ROOM BASEMENT UBC SUB 822.3692
UBC Student Union Building 6138 SUB Blvd
UBC Thunder Bar 6066 Thunderbird Blvd 822.6121
Unitarian Church 949 West 49th 879-7216

FRINGE VENUES
ANZA CLUB 3 W 8TH @ ONTARIO • **ARCADIAN HALL** MAIN FLOOR 2214 MAIN @ 6TH • **CAMBRIAN HALL** 215 E 17TH @ MAIN • **CINDERELLA BALLROOM** 185 E 11TH @ MAIN • **FRINGE CLUB** 3RD FLOOR MT PLEASANT LEGION • **GRUNT GALLERY** 209 E 6TH @ MAIN • **HERITAGE HALL** 3102 MAIN @ 15TH • **HOT JAZZ CLUB** 2120 MAIN @ 6TH • **LUNATIC FRINGE** 315 E BROADWAY @ SCOTIA • **MAIN DANCE PLACE** BASEMENT 2214 MAIN @ 6TH • **MT PLEASANT COMMUNITY CENTRE** 3161 ONTARIO @ 16TH • **MT PLEASANT LEGION** 2655 MAIN @ 10TH • **VANCOUVER LITTLE THEATRE** BACK ALLEY 3102 MAIN @ 15TH

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:00AM-12:00PM The newest new music and information on concerts, recordings, and composers with host Ian Crutchley.

THE BRUNCH REPORT 12:00-12:15PM News, sports, weather and more with the CITR News, Sports and Weather Departments.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:15-3:00PM Hosts: George Barrett and Mike Cherry. Reggae inna all styles and fashion. Dancehall, Dub, Roots, Lovers-rock, RockSteady, Ska and beyond!

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE 5:00-5:30PM All the day's news, weather and sports. Plus an in-depth interview, movie reviews and more. Hosted by Luc Dinsdale.

HEAR SAY 5:30-6:00PM CITR's literary arts program needs YOU to submit your works for on-air performance or reading.

ELECTRONIC SMOKESIGNALS 6:00-8:00PM From the global cultures of resistance hosted by Horacio de la Cueva, alternating Sundays.

MAURY'S GOT THE NIGHT OFF 6:00-10:00PM ALTERNATING SUNDAYS Kooky antics, current irrelevant issues, Joe Jackson, Pankow, Ice-T, Hellbastard, and your cool requests. Hosted by Karen Toddington and Lloyd Uliana.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 10:00PM-12:00AM Join host Dave Emory and colleague Nip Tuck for some extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your tape deck and two C-90s. Originally broadcast on KFJC (Los Altos, California).

MONDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Wake up with the CITR Morning Show. All the news, sports and weather you need to start your day. Plus what's happening at UBC each day with UBC Digest, a feature interview and more. Topped off with the BBC World Service News at 8:00AM, live from London, England. Hosted by Ian Gunn and Antje Rauwerda.

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM Your favourite brownsters James and Peter offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in an excitingly luscious blend of aural delights! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special.

DON AND GOURD'S STUPID RADIO SHOW 11:00 AM- 1:00 PM Noon feature : Crucifix in your ear.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM News, sports and weather.

MEKANIKAL OBJEKT NOIZE 1:15-3:00PM CITR's only all industrial / technical / electronic show with different feature albums every week. With your dj pal, June. Bill Leeb loves you all.

LOOK IT'S BONUS GIFT TIME AGAIN, HOWARD ! 3:00- 5:00 PM New records and new CDs smell a special way. Tune in and have a whiff. Rowena has hay fever. She can't smell.

THE CITR DINNER REPORT 5:00-5:30PM All the latest on campus: news, sports, an in-depth interview, theatre or film review, editorial commentary and more. Weekdays with host Ian Gunn.

SPORTS DIGEST 5:30-6:00PM Campus, amateur and professional sports with Keith Watson.

BOXER SHORT BOYZ 7:00-9:00PM Just a couple of guys who like to walk around in their boxer shorts with their big fat guts hanging out. Jerome Broadway and Garnet Timothy Harry alternate weeks.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

2nd A "classic" tonight: "Sonny Rollins Plus Four" is in reality the final studio recording of the Max Roach-Clifford Brown Quintet before the tragic auto accident that killed Clifford and the band's pianist Ritchie Powell. Hear why Brown was the most brilliant trumpeter of his generation...he was only 26 when he died. Lasting Jazz.

9th "Extensions" is a spiritual and moving document by McCoy Tyner...a great innovative pianist and an all-star band that includes Gary Bartz (alto), Wayne Shorter (tenor), Ron Carter (bass), Alice Coltrane (harp), and Elvin Jones (drums). Tyner's concepts and compositions will take you to places you may never have been...tonight!

16th "What is Jazz?", an educational, analytical and often humorous and very entertaining look at what Jazz is and isn't. Narrated by the late great Leonard Bernstein. A great way to begin a new schoolyear...learn about Jazz.

23rd John Coltrane was born on this date in 1926...he would have been 65 today...we'll celebrate Coltrane's birthday by playing one of his most influential recordings..."Giant Steps". This record was a summing up of Coltrane's music and a breakthrough to his next phase. We will also be featuring Coltrane's music for the whole show tonight.

30th Thelonious Monk "Live in Tokyo" (1963). Monk's first visit to Japan with his working quartet with Charlie Rouse on tenor saxophone. Monk and the group in brilliant form dazzling the Japanese.

PHENOMENON ONE 12:00-4:00AM Now hear this! Roughneck dance hall Reggae, dub plates and live DJ selections that are ruling Jamaica and abroad, with whitey at the controls.

TUESDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Hosted by Antje Rauwerda and Ian Gunn.

DOG'S BREAKFAST 11:00AM - 1:00PM dog's breakfast. 1. A mess: low Glasgow (-1934) 2. Confusion; turmoil: Australian: since ca. 1935. Tune in for inept pandemonium, hilarity and fairy tales - with your exquisite hostess Helen G. Yes, there is life beyond news.

3rd The Youth Who Could Not Shiver and Shake - Grimms Brothers

10th The Lonesome, Lost Rebellion of Mom's Cafe - Helen Potrebenko

17th Goblin Market - Christina Rossetti

24th The Dancing Palm Tree - A Nigerian Folktale

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 1:15-3:00PM Country music to scrape the cowshit off your boots to. With yer host-poke Jeff Gray.

THE REAL DEAL 6:00-7:00PM "If it ain't rap then you know it's crap."-Eazy-E. Hardcore rap with your host Terror T.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 7:00-9:00PM Demo Director Dale Sawyer provides some insight into the best and the worst of the newest Canadian music.

AVANT-PIG 9:00PM-12:00AM Alternating Tuesdays with Wolf at the Door. Now three hours of funky ambient noise piggery with Pete Lutwyche.

WOLF AT THE DOOR 9:00PM-12:00AM Alternating Tuesdays with Avant-Pig. The latest in dance music and interesting drama every second week. With Lupus Yonderboy.

AURAL TENTACLES MIDNITE UNTIL THE MOON DROPS Fun for the whole family to enjoy! Weird chunks of news, odd pieces of tuneage, Pierre and the 2AM WWOD.

WEDNESDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Hosted by Ian Gunn and Antje Rauwerda.

LIVE FROM VENUS 10:00-11:00AM Get this ! Women Music Women Stories Women Articles Women Poetry Women Music Women Got it ?

CONTENTS UNDER PRESSURE 1:15-3:00PM Spinning the best (and sometimes the worst!) playlist material, bringing a variety of music styles from places you'll not hear on any other radio station... seriously. I appreciate all requests. I work best under pressure and the gods have seen to it that I am supplied well with sonic bliss... hence the title.

NORMAN'S KITCHEN 3:00-5:00PM The apocrypha of CITR. We like God. We like '70's Rock 'N Roll.

NO INTERMISSION 5:30-6:00PM Addressing the drama, theatre, film and arts communities. With Antje Rauwerda.

HANFORD NUCLEAR PIZZA PIE 6:00-7:00PM LaConner: weather freak-out zone of the Pacific Northwest.

JIGGLE 7:00-9:00PM Just because you're fat, doesn't mean you're alternative. Mikey "girly hair" and Grav "Bristle-head," joined by their adoring grouple, serve up breakfast all day from their porta-kitchen. Jiggle Jiggle Jiggle! Lose all sphincter control.

THURSDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Hosted by Antje Rauwerda and Ian Gunn.,

A VOICE OF DISSENT 1:00-3:00PM There I was, minding my own business, listening to the CITR Lunch report, when this smooth, rhythmic tune crept up behind me and bound me in its sinuous grip. I was hypnotized, spaced out, swaying with the pulse. Zombled, I was defenceless against the Beetheart assault when it hit, raping my ears with torturous screaming saxophones. "Oh God, please, fuck my mind for good !" I cried. Send me a tape of your poetry, spoken word, or sound collage.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM

—HARD——————JINX—
—ERIC——————CORE—

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-8:00PM Explore the plesures of plastic with your faithful native bearers Pat, Lisa, and sometimes Chris.

RED HOT AND BLUE 8:00- 9:00PM Roots music, rhythm and blues, rock'n'roll, and who knows what, hosted by Eddie J.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local music from 9. Live bands from 10.

ABSOLUTE VALUE OF NOISE 11:00PM-1:00AM 100 % Canadian industrialism. Noise with four-dimensional psychoacoustic interactivity. Practitioner: Peter Courtemanche.

GIGABLAST! 1 AM-COMPLETE EXHAUSTION Late night spontaneous aural combustion. Easy listening for the truly weird. Live mixes, sonic loop-di-loops, projectile poetry, microphone molestation, and impromptu noise jams.

FRIDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Hosted by Ian Gunn and Antje Rauwerda.

TOP OF THE BOPS 10:00-11:00AM Musical chef Marc Coulevin boils up a tasty pot of gumbo stew.

THE INTERNATIONAL VENUS FLYTRAP NETWORK OF LOVE 11:00AM-1:00PM Don't tune in 'cause you'll hate it anyway, well...maybe not. Bye.

THE NOIZ SHOW 2:30-3:30, 4:00-5:00PM Adam Noizi Sloan brings the noiz.

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERV IETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-4:00PM Join Nardwuar and his war cat Cleo von Fluffelstein for half an hour of stimulating Manhattan clam chowder entertainment.

THE CITR DINNER REPORT 5:00-5:30PM With "the Voice of Reason," our weekly look back at the week in the news, tongues firmly in cheek.

THE DARYL AND SUZI SHOW 6:00-9:00PM Underground sound system-style mastermix radio.

FOR THE RECORD 6:30-6:45PM Excerpts from Dave Emory's **Radio Free America** series.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12: 30AM Dope jams and fresh beats for a groovy evening with DJ Noah on the wheels of steel.

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Vancouver's biggest and best acoustic/roots/rogue radio show. Now in its 6th year on CITR! Roots music from around the world.

June 1: 6th birthday special !

POWERCHORD 12:15-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead and Metal Ron do the damage.

IN EFFECT 3:00-5:00PM The Hip Hop Beat and nuttin' butt. With hosts RSJ and BZ Jam.

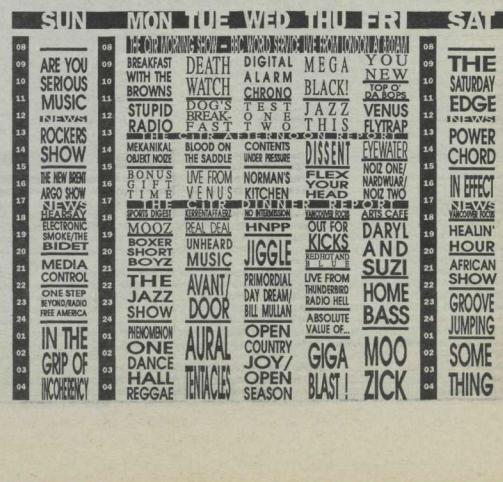
THE SATURDAY MAGAZINE 5:00-5:30PM UBC's weekend news. All the latest news, sports, weather, a movie review, feature report and more. News with Luc Dinsdale; Doug Richards has sports.

THE AFRICAN SHOW 8:00-10:00PM It's a music thing from all "Africa." It's an awareness thing of self and others. It's an African house party. Stories, music, dance fun. Welcome! Your host: Umerah.

GROOVE JUMPING 10:00PM-1:00AM There are those who are never happy with the status quo. Those who must have the new, those who define themselves by what others are not...uh, this is more to the point. Out of beer, out of tune, and out of control...music to peel paint by. Hosted by Terry Holland.

WHOM & HOW

ARTS JEROME PRINGLE
BOARD CHAIR SONIA FRASER
CURRENT AFFAIRS ANTJE RAUWERDA
DEMOS/CASSETTES DALE SAWYER
ENGINEER RICHARD ANDERSON
ENTERTAINMENT LUC DINSDALE
MOBILE SOUND DARREN REITER
MUSIC ROBYNN IWATA
NEWS IAN GUNN
NEWS FEATURES TRACY DOLAN
PRESIDENT DARREN REITER
PRODUCTION JOEL FRANSEN
PROGRAMMING ADAM SLOAN
PROMOTIONS MIKHEL RANNISTE
SECRETARY HELEN GINTER
SPORTS CHRIS UREN
STATION MANAGER LINDA SCHOLTEN
VICE PRESIDENT MINDY ABRAMOWITZ
VOLUNTEER COORDINATOR JOHN RUSKIN



CHARTS

The stuff in these charts has been compiled from playsheets filled out by all djs/programmers who had shows over the past month. The charts are organised in order of airplay. If you need or want any further information just give music director Robynn a call. She can most often be reached at CITR Monday to Friday noon to 4pm (PST).

SEPTEMBER 91 SHORT GROOVES 50

1. Fudge Tunnel — **"Sunshine of Your Love" CD-5*** (Relativity)
2. Various Artists — **Blobs Volume One: 4 Victoria Bands 7"** (WayOut!)
3. Various Artists — **Estrus Half Rack 7" Box Set** (Estrus)
4. N-Joi — **"Malfunction" 12"** (BMG=RCA)
5. The Orb — **"Perpetual Dawn" 12"** (Mercury)
6. Facepuller — **"Immoralizer" 7"** (Temple North)
7. Mudhoney — **Let It Slide CD-5*** (SubPop)
8. Is This Bob — **3-Song 7" EP** (Plumb)
9. Kode IV — **"Scratch Attack" 12"** (Cargo=KK)
10. Sleepyhead — **"Play" 7"** (Picture Book Artifact)
11. Pixies — **Planet of Sound 12" EP** (Polygram=4AD)
12. Seam — **Days of Thunder 7"** (Homestead)
13. Treepeople/House of Large Sizes — **Split 7"** (Toxic Shock)
14. Yo-Yo — **"Ain't Nobody Better" 12"** (East West)
15. Chem Lab — **10 Ton Pressure 12" EP** (ChemLab)
16. LFO — **"We Are Back" 12"** (Tommy Boy)
17. Octatrackter — **"Kiddie Fist" 7"** (Kill Tel)
18. Test Dept — **New World Order CD-5*** (Jungle)
19. Fastbacks — **Double 7"** (SubPop)
20. Gary Clail & On-U Sound System — **"Human Nature" CD-5*** (BMG-US)
21. Blake Babies — **Rosy Jack World 12" EP** (Mammoth)
22. Terminator X — **"Juvenile Delinquintz" CD-5*** (Sony=Def Jam)
23. Pegboy — **Field of Darkness 7" EP** (Touch & Go=1/4 Stick)
24. Antoinette — **"Never Good Enough" 12"** (Round the Globe=Next Plateau)
25. Shabba Ranks — **"Housecall" CD-5*** (Sony=Epic)
26. Black Tambourine — **4-Song 7" EP** (Slumberland)
27. Ignatius — **"Sweetfish" 7"** (Silence)
28. Buzzcocks — **Alive Tonight CD-5* EP** (Planet Pacific)
29. 808 State — **"Ooops" 12"** (Tommy Boy)
30. Stereotaxic Device — **"Lostland" 12"** (Cargo=KK)
31. Datura Seeds — **"S&P '69" 7"** (Toxic Shock)
32. IowaBeef Experience — **Trailor Court 7"** (Nolseville)
33. Anger Means — **Not Human Mymoon 7" EP** (Skene!)
34. Naughty By Nature — **"O.P.P." 12"** (Tommy Boy)
35. Stumpy Joe — **"Love Plumbin'" 7"** (Popllama)
36. Moss Icon — **Memorial 7"** (Vermin Scum)
37. Gnome — **"13 Family" 7"** (Bosom)
38. Dolomite — **Venus 7"** (Fiasco)
39. Missy Mist — **"Let the Good Times Roll" 12"** (Round the Globe=BMG=RCA)
40. Bone Club — **"Six Feet Under" 7"** (Rocket Sound)
41. Burning Heads — **"Hey You" 7"** (Black & Noir)
42. Red Devils — **"Queen Bee" 7" EP** (Casting Couch)
43. M99 — **"Drunk & Alone" 7"** (Audio Addict)
44. Youth Gone Mad — **Yesterday's Innocence... 7" EP** (Smilin' Ear)
45. Llys — **"February Fourteenth" 7"** (Slumberland)
46. Slushpuppies — **The "Blacklisted" Double 7" Set** (Meat=Parkland Co-op)
47. Manic Toys — **"What to Do" 7" EP** (Trash Can)
48. Dambuilders — **"Yo Mamafish" 7"** (Puppethead)
49. Various Artists — **Metal Ribbons 7"** (Meat)
50. Rena & Her Men — **"Call Me" 7"** (Rena)

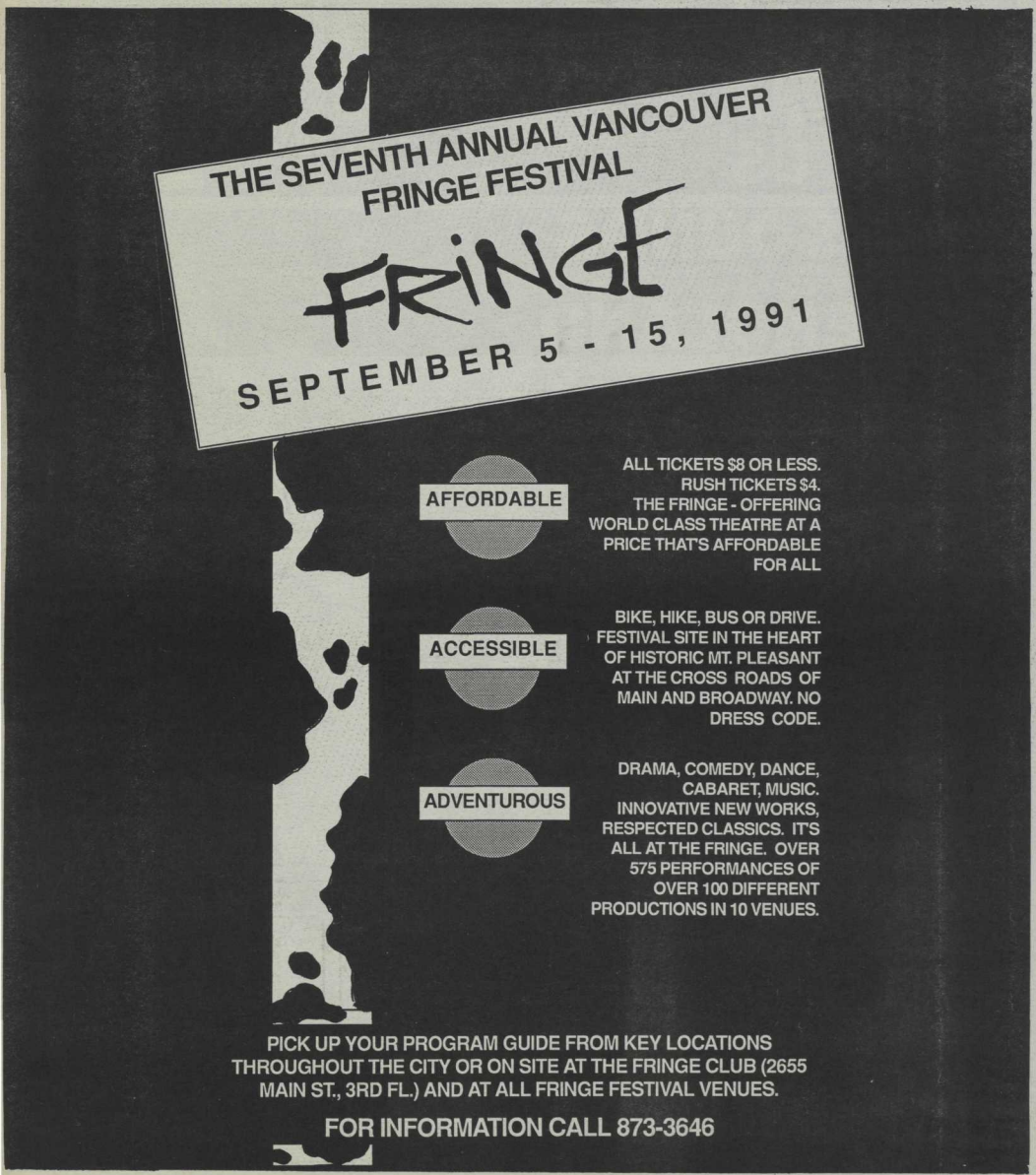
SEPTEMBER 91 LONG GROOOOOVES 101

1. Seaweed — **Despised** (SubPop)
2. Me, Mom & Morgantaler — **Clown Heaven & Hell** (Chooch)
3. NoMeansNo — **Live + Cuddly** (Alternative Tentacles)
4. Various Artists — **Till the Bars Break** (Cargo=Irresistable)
5. Mudhoney — **Every Good Boy Deserves Fudge** (SubPop)
6. My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult — **Sexplosion** (Cargo=WaxTrax)
7. De La Soul — **De La Soul is Dead** (Polygram=Tommy Boy)
8. Stephen Fearing — **Blue Line** (Sony=High Romance)
9. Hilt — **Orange Pony** (Nettwerk)
10. Soundtrack — **Boyz in the Hood** (Warner=Qwest)
11. Vasilisk — **Liberation and Ecstacy** (Musica Maxima Magnetique)
12. Einsturzende Neubauten.. **Strategies Against Architecture II** (Warner=Mute)
13. Smashing Pumpkins — **Gish** (Caroline)
14. Various Artists — **Cold Front** (A&M=Attic)
15. Cat Rapes Dog — **The Banzai Beats** (Cargo=KK)
16. Anthrax — **Attack of the Killer B's** (Island=Megaforce)
17. Current 93 — **Presents Harry Oldfield 'Crystal'** (Vinyl Experience)
18. Meat Puppets — **Forbidden Places** (Polygram)
19. Delerium — **Stone Tower** (Dossier)
20. Zoviet France — **Shadow, Thief of the Sun** (DOVentertainment)
21. Soul Side — **Soon=Come=Happy** (Dischord)
22. Cyberaktif — **Tenebrae Vision** (WaxTrax)
23. Spirit of the West — **Go Figure** (Warner)
24. N.W.A — **Niggaz4Life** (Round the Globe=Priority=Ruthless)
25. Fela Anikulapo Kuti — **Original Sufferhead** (Shanachie)
26. Alice Donut..... **Revenge Fantasies of the Impotent** (Alternative Tentacles)
27. The Ex — **Dead Fish** (Nine Mile)
28. Black Uhuru — **Iron Storm** (Mesa=BlueMoon)
29. Headfirst — **The Enemy** (Cargo=Worksheд)
30. And One — **Anguish** (Machinery)
31. Digjits — **Full Nelson Reilly** (Touch & Go)
32. Mecca Normal — **Water Cuts My Hands** (Matador=K)
33. Eek-a-Mouse — **U-Neek** (Island-US)
34. No Use for a Name — **Incognito** (New Red Archives)
35. Sister Carol — **Mother Culture** (Ras)
36. Lustmord — **Paradise Disowned** (Side Effects)
37. Railroad Jerk — **Railroad Jerk** (Matador)
38. Various Artists — **Indie Cant** (Indie Cant)
39. Billingsgate — **No Apologies** (Cargo=Nemesis)
40. Love Child — **Okay?** (Homestead)
41. Believer — **Sanity Obscure** (Roadrunner=R.E.X.)
42. Various Artists..... **20 Explosive Dynamic Super Smash Hit....** (Pravda)
43. Think Tree — **Eight/Thirteen** (SineAppleSap)
44. Kirsty MacColl — **Electric Landlady** (A&M=Virgin)
45. Fastbacks — **Never Works Never Fails** (Revolver=Blaster)
46. Chris & Cosey — **Pagan Tango** (Cargo=WaxTrax)
47. Grapes of Wrath — **These Days** (Capitol)
48. Pere Ubu — **Worlds in Collision** (Polygram=Polydor)
49. Swamp Terrorists — **Grim - Stroke - Disease** (Machinery)
50. Gumball — **Special Kise** (Caroline=Primo Scree)
51. Various Artists — **Sometimes I Wish I Was Famous** (Energy)
52. Kitty Missile — **The Way to Salvation** (Warner=Atlantic)
53. Walkabouts — **Where the Deep Water Goes** (SubPop)
54. Various Artists — **Eye of the Needle** (Vagrant)
55. Jello Biafra — **I Blow Minds for a Living** (Alternative Tentacles)
56. Mikey Dread — **Profile** (Ras)
57. Definition of Sound — **Love and Life** (Virgin)
58. Various Beads — **Inclision** (Cargo=Roadrunner)
59. Bone Club — **Bless This** (Rocket Sound)
60. Lustmord — **DV 04** (Dark Vinyl)
61. Slawterhaus — **"Live"** (SRI)
62. Nausea — **Crime Against Humanity** (Cargo=Nuclear Blast)
63. Skin Yard — **1000 Smiling Knuckles** (Cruz)
64. Various Artists — **First Family of Reggae** (Spinner=Shanachie)
65. Coil — **Love's Secret Domain** (Cargo=WaxTrax)
66. Los Folkloristas — **Mexico!** (Festival=Flying Fish)
67. A-Bones — **The Life of Riley** (Norton)
68. Various Artists — **On Another Planet** (Black & Noir)
69. Dorothy Masuka — **Pata Pata** (Island=Mango)
70. Threshold — **Within the Expanse** (Cargo)
71. Various Artists — **Indie Can 1991** (Intrepid)
72. Salif Keita — **Amen** (Mango)
73. Minutemen — **What Makes a Man Start Fires?** (SST)
74. Aster Aweke — **Aster** (Sony=Columbia)
75. Daniel Johnston — **Continued Story** (Homestead)
76. Big Audio Dynamite II — **The Globe** (Sony=Columbia)
77. Mano Negra — **King of Bongo** (Virgin)
78. Baaba Maal — **Baayo** (Island)
79. Choice — **The Big Payback** (Round the Globe=Priority)
80. Ned's Atomic Dustbin — **God Fodder** (Sony=Columbia)
81. Meshuggah — **Contradictions Collapse** (Cargo=Nuclear Blast)
82. Pennywise — **Pennywise** (Epitaph)
83. Armand Schaubroeck — **.....People Would Like.... Armand.... Dead** (Mirror)
84. Iron Prostate — **Loud, Fast, and Aging: Stupidity** (Skene!=SubPop)
85. Silck Rick — **The Ruler's Back** (Sony-Columbia=Def Jam)
86. Jawbox — **Grippe** (Dischord)
87. Les Shaking Dolls — **God is God** (Black & Noir)
88. Dinosaur Jr — **Fossils** (SST)
89. Holly Arntzen — **Holly Arntzen** (Warner)
90. Various Artists — **Golden Throats 2** (Capitol=Rhino)
91. Jazz Passengers — **Live at the Knitting Factory** (Knitting Factory)
92. Burning Spear — **Jah Kingdom** (Arista=Mango)
93. Chris Spedding — **Cafe Days** (Polygram=Hypnotic)
94. Lightnin' Hopkins — **Lightnin' Hopkins** (Festival=Folkways)
95. Defunkt — **Live at the Knitting Factory** (Knitting Factory)
96. Phantom Surfers — **.....10 Deadly Ones!** (Norton)
97. Kool Moe Dee — **Funke Funke Wisdom** (BMG=Jive-Zomba)
98. Jimmie Dale Gilmore — **After Awhile** (Warner=Elektra)
99. Mikey Dread — **African Anthem Revisited** (Ras)
100. Holly Arntzen — **Holly Arntzen** (Warner)
101. Mynox Layh — **Intra In Caolum** (SDV)

SEPTEMBER 91 SINGLE MAGNETIC PARTYCLOTHES 101

1. Terror T — **"Shouts Out"**
2. Show Business Giants — **"World is Too Crowded"**
3. Windwalker — **"Chains"**
4. Shining Path — **"Failing"**
5. Perfume Tree — **"Dreaming"**
6. Hollowheads — **"Strange Town"**
7. Jellyfish Babies — **"Wanted Man"**
8. Ten Feet Tall — **"Beat of the Sun"**
9. Fridge Magnets — **"Who Stole My Socks"**
10. Skin Barn — **"Black"**
11. Wheat Chiefs — **"Redeem"**
12. Surfdusters — **"Mexi-fried"**
13. Rumblefish — **"Stranger Things"**
14. Show Business Giants — **"Let's Get Together"**
15. Pale Face — **"In a Semi-Mental Mood"**
16. Sand Dooms — **"66 Valiant on the Haunted Highway"**
17. Dogzilla — **"TV or Not TV"**
18. Hoofarump — **"Relapse"**
19. Sister Lovers — **"Love Graffiti"**
20. Gloria Blizzard — **"Let There Be Cockroaches"**
21. Jack Feels Fine — **"Somebody Died on TV Again"**
22. Pastles — **"Kill Ya Mama"**
23. The Brave & Foolish — **"A Place Down Here"**
24. Ten Feet Tall — **"I Used to be Crazy"**
25. Garden of Earthly Delights — **"Wildflower"**
26. Mary — **"Police Hunt"**
27. Partial Patsy — **"Female Sex Organ"**
28. Wet Spots — **"I Wanna Know"**
29. Tombstone Etiquette — **"I Want You"**
30. Hollowheads — **"Why Did You Come Here?"**
31. Cat's Game — **"The Sniper"**
32. Hitting Birth — **"Love Me"**
33. Citrus Park — **"Dogie's Bar"**
34. Green House — **"Victim of Circumstance"**
35. Sludge — **"Have You Died Yet?"**
36. iT — **"Satan Guy"**
37. Sad Happy — **"Accidental Family"**
38. 8 Miles High — **"Animal"**
39. Groove Ranch — **"Cold War"**
40. 60 Cycle Hum — **"Place is the Place"**
41. Jane Hawley — **"As We Walk on Thin Ice"**
42. Evaporators — **"Vampire Blues"**
43. A Posse of One — **"See Horse Radish"**
44. Stick Farm — **"I'm Confused/Scrum"**
45. Low Noise — **"Wisdom Without Knowledge"**
46. Glitter — **"Report"**
47. Touch & Gos — **"Ten or 100 Years"**
48. Ian Sane — **"Desire"**
49. The Worst — **"She's Wrong"**
50. Hiroshi Yano — **"Air Corridor"**
51. The Suns — **"Running Free"**
52. Ngoma — **"Nkosi"**
53. Solid States — **"Training for the Grim Reaper's Job"**
54. Mary — **"Three Men"**
55. Amy Denio — **"I Wear Guns When I'm Dancing"**
56. Smokin' Rhythm Prawns — **"Big Shrimp"**
57. Sludge — **"Bamboo Torture"**
58. Action Buddie — **"Am I Wasting Time?"**
59. No Fun — **"The Pink Crypt"**
60. Twitch — **"Melt Down"**
61. The Indeclsives — **"Good Intentions"**
62. Chris Meloche — **"Serious Distraction"**
63. Pee Wee Manson — **"Do What You Do"**
64. Masochistic Religion — **"Mad Julianne"**
65. Bluchunks — **"Hey Sammy"**
66. Eye on You — **"Skunk in Town"**
67. Rhino Humpers — **"Family"**
68. Unearth — **"Chicken Man"**
69. Club DD — **"Welcome to the Drug War"**
70. Halo — **"Around + Around"**
71. Third Stone — **"Call Me a Cab"**
72. Death Among Friends — **"Bad God"**
73. The 14th Wray — **"The Man Who Lives Next Door"**
74. Ron Vader & Paul Ames — **"My Princess"**
75. Wingnuts — **"Hi Honey"**
76. No Fun — **"Entering Bikini Area"**
77. John Oswald — **"Plunderphonic Example #8"**
78. Uneven Steps — **"World War Three"**
79. Ragged Rich — **"What She's Doin'"**
80. The Worst — **"Creepy Thing"**
81. Lik Dirt — **"Sweet Ecstacy"**
82. Dose Pump — **"Kiss Me (with My Clothes on)"**
83. Hollowheads — **"I Haven't Got Anything Yet"**
84. Orgitron — **"Lefty"**
85. Sebadoh's Sentridoh — **"Win Slow"**
86. Wckr Spgt — **"A Thousand Hail Marys"**
87. Screaming Daisies — **"Caught within Your Game"**
88. Command Co. — **"Computer"**
89. Scarlet Drops — **"Early in the Morning"**
90. Mint 13 — **"Psycho-Wise"**
91. Digital Poodle — **"Raw"**
92. Intoxicators — **"Alley Cat"**
93. INRI — **"Love Under Will"**
94. Picture Paintings — **"The Man Who Would be King"**
95. Jho Nek Bone — **"Judge and Jury"**
96. Eden's End — **"Things Will Change"**
97. Hiroshi Yano — **"Pushkar Lake"**
98. That Melancholy Dream — **"Model Image"**
99. Re-strict'ed — **"Screw in Your Head"**
100. Busker's Soundcheck — **"Diamond"**
101. Big Kitchen — **"Flesh and Blood and Huge Chunks of Meat"**

TROLS
©1991
BY G. WILDEMAN AND J. BODNER
HEY! WHATAYA DOING?
I'M TRYING TO BREAK IN MY NEW LEATHER JACKET
C'MON, LET'S GO TO THE HAPPENING SCENE.
NAW, I DON'T WANT TO
WHY NOT?
BECAUSE MY JACKET IS TOO NEW AND I DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO LAUGH AT ME
#%$!!% THAT! LET'S GO!
I'M SO EMBARASSED
WOW! A NEW LEATHER JACKET. I WANT IT! I WANT IT!
IT'S MINE!
GIMMEE THAT JACKET, PUNK!
GIMMEE! GIMMEE!
AK'K! OKAY! OKAY!
RRIPP
UH-OH
YOU CAN HAVE IT BACK IT DOESN'T FIT
HEY COOL! MY JACKETS ALL BROKEN IN
ROOKIE!


THE SEVENTH ANNUAL VANCOUVER FRINGE FESTIVAL
FRINGE
SEPTEMBER 5 - 15, 1991
AFFORDABLE
ALL TICKETS $8 OR LESS. RUSH TICKETS $4. THE FRINGE - OFFERING WORLD CLASS THEATRE AT A PRICE THAT'S AFFORDABLE FOR ALL
ACCESSIBLE
BIKE, HIKE, BUS OR DRIVE. FESTIVAL SITE IN THE HEART OF HISTORIC MT. PLEASANT AT THE CROSS ROADS OF MAIN AND BROADWAY. NO DRESS CODE.
ADVENTUROUS
DRAMA, COMEDY, DANCE, CABARET, MUSIC. INNOVATIVE NEW WORKS, RESPECTED CLASSICS. IT'S ALL AT THE FRINGE. OVER 575 PERFORMANCES OF OVER 100 DIFFERENT PRODUCTIONS IN 10 VENUES.
PICK UP YOUR PROGRAM GUIDE FROM KEY LOCATIONS THROUGHOUT THE CITY OR ON SITE AT THE FRINGE CLUB (2655 MAIN ST., 3RD FL.) AND AT ALL FRINGE FESTIVAL VENUES.
FOR INFORMATION CALL 873-3646

ZULU records

OPEN
Monday to Wednesday 10:30 - 7:00
Thursday and Friday 10:30 - 9:00
Saturday 10:30 - 6:30
Sunday 12:00 - 6:00

1869 W 4th Avenue, Vancouver, BC
604-738-3232

NEW SOUNDS *from* OLD ENGLAND

These are some of our favorite new imports from UK artists, all on sale **until September 15th.** (If you don't know them already, come on down to Zulu and listen to them, or any other cd in stock, on one of our **in-store cd listening booths.**)

Gary Clail	◉ Emotional Hooligan
Northside	◉ Chicken Rhythms (available Sept. 5th)
Chapterhouse	◉ Whirlpool
Mock Turtles	◉ Turtle Soup
The Orb	◉ Adventures Beyond...
Ned's Atomic Dustbin	◉ God Fodder
Primal Scream	◉ Come Together EP (6.98 - cd only)
	◉ Higher Than the Sun EP (6.98 - cd only)

14.98cd
9.98cass

Not UK bands, but great releases nonethless!

Meat Puppets
◉ **Forbidden Places**
This great American band has been around a number of years, and have now jumped ship to a major label. Hear their debut Polygram release. Michael says it rips ! !

14.98cd
9.98cass

Miriam Makeba
◉ **Eyes on Tomorrow**
Her first recording since she returned to South Africa features Dizzy Gillespie, Nina Simone and Hugh Masakela. Grant says it swings bigtime.

14.98cd
9.98cass

"Tell your bands to write some real music." – *Paul Barker, Ministry*

Did you ever wonder what you get when you cross the 700 lbs. of heavenly joy called **TANKHOG**, the hot and sweaty song stylings of **WINDWALKER**, and the hyper–agro–industrial chainsaw massacre that is **MINISTRY**? Probably not, but Rand did... Next thing you know, there's Mint Records' debut release, *The Mint Is A Terrible Thing To Taste*. Featuring Windwalker performing "Burning Inside" and Tankhog with "So What", this fabulous 7" single is pressed on gimmicky mint coloured vinyl, and is available for the month of September at the zany ultra–low price of...

2.98!

circle c

Who are they?
Well, many a moon ago, Vancouver's SLOW broke up. The rhythm section formed TANKHOG and released a cd/cass on Zulu Records a few months back. SLOW vocalist Tom Anselmi and guitarist Christian Thorvaldson now return with their much anticipated release in the form of circle c. They have signed a worldwide deal with Geffen Records and Zulu will have initial import releases of circle c in the store on September 5th and offer it to you at the remarkable price of ...

14.98cd / 8.98cass
for the whole month of September.

SPECIAL BONUS

We've uncovered a handfull of sealed copies of the coveted SLOW "Against the Glass" EP. With any purchase of a **circle c** cd/cass or **Tankhog** cd/cass during the month of September, we'll enter your name in a draw for these remaining copies. Don't miss out!